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# GIRLJOCK MAGAZINE

**can't take my eyes off of you**
**issue number ten, 1993**


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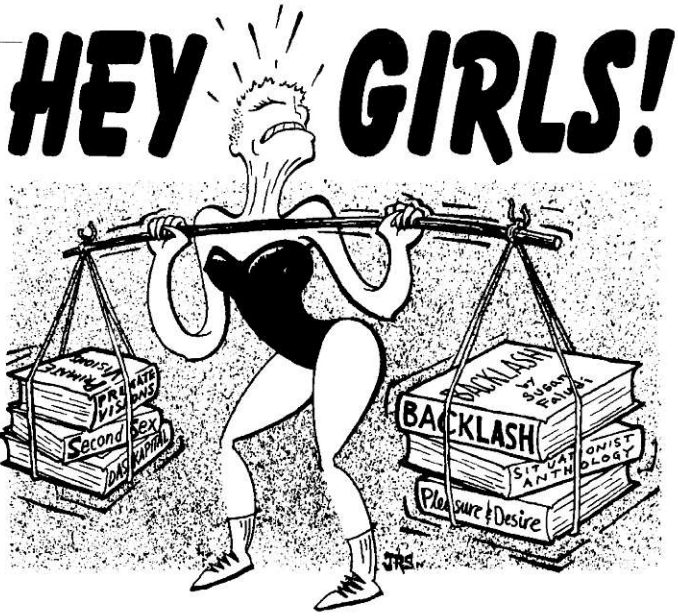
# HEY GIRLS!

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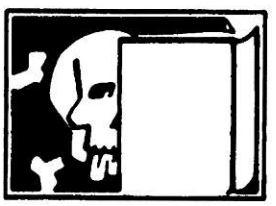

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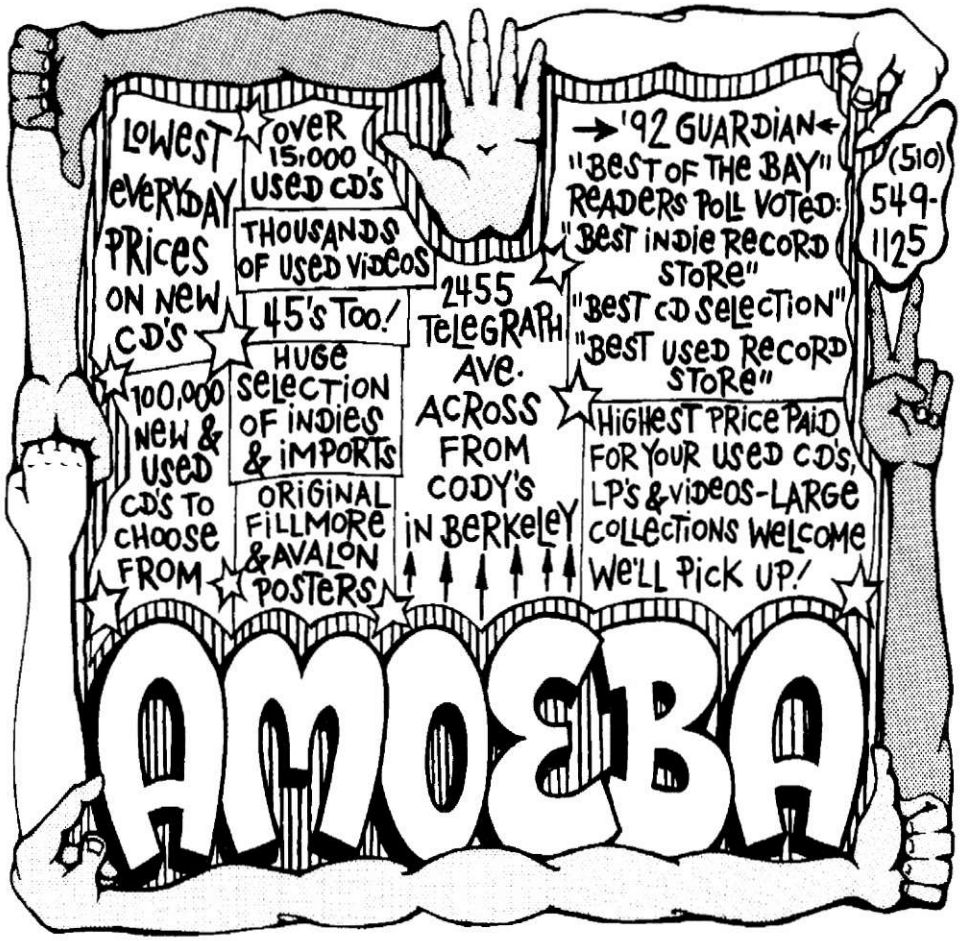
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# JOCKTALK

Hello Perspiring Goddesses,

Let me start by telling you that GIRLJOCK is one of the most creative, original and entertaining magazines around. It's even better than *On Our Backs*. Not to mention more of a turn on. The women you feature are such babes. A perfect example is Goddess Diana from *Thaw out Now*. Is she for real? What a body. But where's the bottom half. I'm serious.

I also love your "Fuck the well of loneliness, we're here to have fun" mentality. It's true, life's too short to be repressed. Your magazine is really happening and it really reflects life, Queer life, in the '90s. Do people realize how lucky we are to have such a wonderful 'zine? I just recently got back from a trip to Costa Rica. When I showed my friends some copies of GIRLJOCK, they couldn't believe it. They have such a hard time getting anything even slightly queer there, much less a whole magazine dedicated to muscular sweaty gorgeous dykes! Their reaction made me realize how lucky I am to live somewhere where GIRLJOCK and other similar publications are available to me. Thank you for existing. You all are wonderful and your magazine makes a difference. So you go girls!

Peace, love, sex, and happiness
Monna Villero

Dear GIRLJOCK,

Please send me a subscription but please don't fold like every other decent publication.

1. What is the obsession with Ash Grey T-shirts and caps? I want white or black, dammit.

2. Why the dearth of basketball stories? Those of us in the land of the Knicks and much concrete simply ♡ the sport.

Loved the astrology feature, laughed for days.

Deb

*ed—We made up a few white T-shirts, with you in mind. You can get yourself one for only $13.00 for a 100% cotton, GJ- logo'd Tee!*

Allo GIRLJOCKS & Roxxi esp!!

How are things there in CA land? Here's the latest *liliane* "odds'n ends," a flyer (catalogue) and an invite to spoof *liliane*! Hows the next GIRLJOCK coming?!! ...looking forward to it!! ...it's a really fun 'zine!!

Take care!

Leanne Franson

*ed—Leanne Franson's fine funny "Secrets of Great Dykes" graced our last issue of* GIRLJOCK. *For more Liliane funnies (and fab they are) send SASE to: Liliane, 3908 St. Christophe, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2l3X8*

Dear GIRLJOCK;

Ow! WOW! What a fantastically athletic, lean, and muscular archer in your "Thaw Out Now" issue of GIRLJOCK!

This is the magazine I've been waiting for! I wish that you would do an entire issue on muscular women bodybuilders, including the women from the gay/lesbian "Physique 92, 91, etc.... Contests!"

If you've done photo essays on women bodybuilders in previous issues of GIRLJOCK, please let me know! I'll buy those issues! Bulging Lesbian Biceps! Keep up the good work!

Jane

*ed— Issue Number Five's cover story featured a three-sport-jock, and we had her flexin' on the cover!*

ERRRRRRRRATTTTTA

*Apologies to David Weisman for not labeling his most excellent and unforgettable photo of the archer on the inside front cover and first page: Our Goddess Diana, shirtless, with bow and arrow. 'member that?*

*We goofed, folks. David, you are an awesome photographer.*

Dear Editor Roxxie;

Your Mother's Day Gift: *Mothers!* (Cartoons by Women, edited by Roz Warren, Crossing Press, Freedom CA, 1993) has provided me, and other mothers (and fathers) with many a chuckle. The cartoons range from funny to zany to hilarious.

In it, I find myself, you, and your grandma.

My own grandmother would not have understood. She was taken up with toil. While cooking, tending the vegetable garden and the poultry, laundering, sewing clothes, and nursing her six children through their childhood illnesses, she was practically indistinguishable from her role.

I'm thinking too of those 19th century mothers of the frontier who labored equally with their husbands in the fields, kept house and home, and organized the schools and community social life.

Women's work was never done.

This book is of our frenetic time.

Now women enjoy and suffer from the ambiguities and contradictions of the new freedom to be mothers and be themselves. The problem is that women's work is still never done. But laughter helps people stop to see what is important and what isn't. When we can smile at ourselves we're halfway cured of the anxieties and perfectionism so deftly lampooned in Mothers!

With Thanks and Love,

Mom


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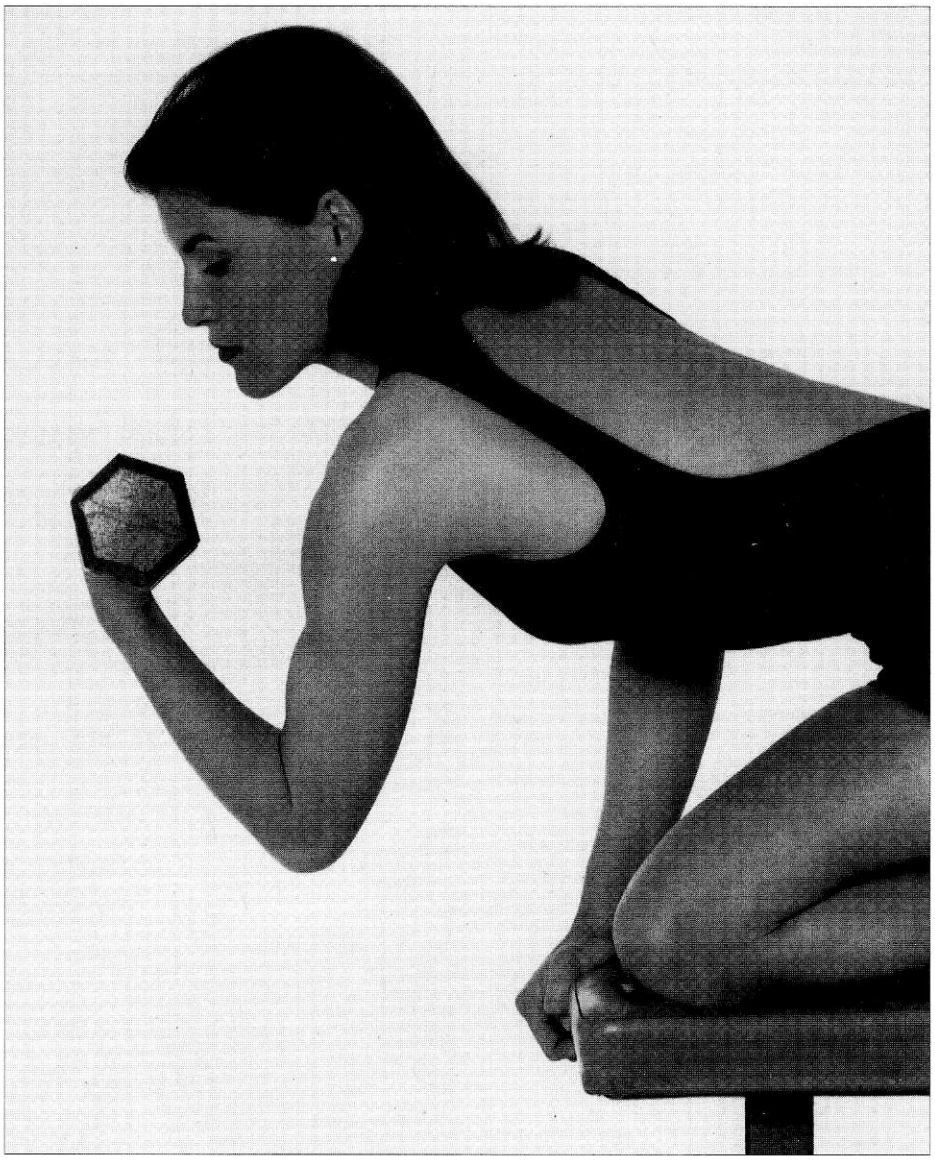

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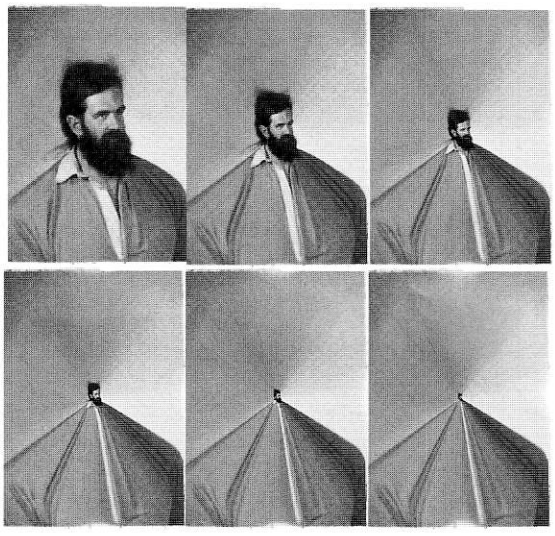


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# DEPARTMENT OF GIRLJOCK SHORTS

## HOW GIRLJOCK ARE YOU?

*by Nancy Boutilier*

HOW GIRLJOCK ARE YOU? HERE'S a way to get in touch with your **Inner Athlete**. We've devised this little test for personal assessment and self-reflection. Because GIRLJOCK is a state of mind, it doesn't matter whether or not you've ever actually been in any of the scenarios described. What matters is how you see yourself responding to these situations were they to arise.

So, to find out where you stand on the GIRLJOCK Scale, circle the letter that best reflects your Inner Athlete.

**IF YOU LOST A TOOTH IN A FIELD HOCKEY GAME,**
a) you would invest in a mouth guard
b) you would invest in a gold cap engraved with your girlfriend's initials
c) you would learn to whistle through the gap
d) Couldn't happen, you take your teeth out before play begins

**IN YOUR CODE OF ETHICS,**
a) Pulling hair is a nasty foul
b) Pulling hair is just part of the game
c) Pulling hair is a strategy for winning
d) Pulling hair is a come on

**TO RELAX DURING THE GAME,**
a) You chew gum
b) You chew tobacco
c) You chew flesh (your own)
d) You chew flesh (someone else's)

**WHICH NICKNAME COMES CLOSEST TO YOURS?**
a) Sun blossom
b) Feather
c) Mommy Sir
d) Hairball
e) Meat

**SAFE SEX MEANS:**
a) a latex barrier
b) you've showered after practice
c) you're hundreds of miles from nuclear reactors
d) you're hundreds of miles from your girlfriend
e) no sharp objects

**THE LAST TIME A TEAMMATE PUT THE MOVES ON YOU,**
a) You said you were straight
b) You quit the team
c) You invented a girlfriend
d) You sidelined her with a killer hip check

**YOU COMPLAIN OF PAIN**
a) when you break a nail
b) when you have cramps
c) when you are fouled
d) when you break a bone
e) What's pain?

**YOUR ROLE IS BEST DESCRIBED AS:**
a) mascot
b) bench warmer
c) cheerleader
d) all star

**A TRAINING MEAL**
a) is complex carbohydrates
b) is decaf and oatcakes
c) is Pop Tarts and Diet Coke
d) is your girlfriend

**WHEN YOUR LINE DRIVE HITS THE PITCHER IN THE FACE,**
a) you run to your teammates for support
b) you call "Time Out" and run to the mound
c) you sprint to first base and apologize to the first base coach
d) you run around the bases, laughing

**FOR A FLOOR BURN,**
b) you ignore it
c) you pick the scab
d) you tattoo around it

**IN ROMANCE, YOU ASSUME SHE'S YOURS**
a) when she comes to your games
b) when she comes to your practices
c) when she comes

**AN EASY WORKOUT**
a) is an oxymoron
b) is a sprint to the fridge for beer
c) is rhythmic stretching
d) is a swim to Alcatraz and back followed by a run to Fresno

**WHEN YOUR NOSE IS CLOGGED,**
a) you take yourself out of the game to go to the restroom
b) you discretely blow your nose while pretending to wipe the sweat from your face with your jersey
c) wait till nobody's looking and shotgun*
d) wait till everyone's looking and shotgun*

**clearing one nostril by sealing the other and forcefully blowing the snot out of your open nostril!*

CAPTAIN'S LOG, SUPPLEMENTAL... FULLY ONE IN TEN OF MY CREW IS DISSATISFIED WITH HIS OR HER VISIBILITY UNDER MY COMMAND, ACCORDING TO A LIST OF GRIEVANCES PRESENTED TO ME TODAY. ADDITIONALLY, THE MEN REQUEST A SIMULACRUM OF SAN FRANCISCO IN THE LATE 1970s BE CREATED IN THE RECREATIONAL HOLODECK, WHILE THE WOMEN SIGNERS OF THE DOCUMENT INSIST ON "THE PLANET-OF-REALLY-SMART-GIRLJOCKS" AS A FURLOUGH OPTION... sigh...
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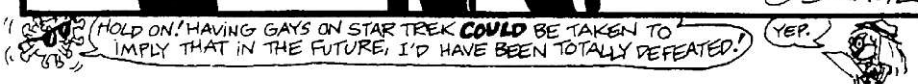

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**WHEN A REFEREE MISSES A CALL,**
a) you never notice, you don't know the rules
b) you scream it out to your teammate loudly so that the ref can't possibly not hear you
c) you pout
d) you scream at the ref to open her eyes
e) you shoot to kill

**AEROBIC EXERCISE**
a) is doing the dishes
b) is walking your dog
c) is picking your scabs
d) is smoking

**WHEN CHOOSING SIDES**
a) you are last chosen
b) you want to be on Shirts
c) you want to be on Skins
d) you do all the picking

**IN A FOOD FIGHT**
a) you encourage everyone to be more mature
b) you run away
c) you dive for the ice cream
d) you throw unripe fruit with your throwing arm
e) you chew first, then spit

**YOUR GAME JEWELRY INCLUDES**
a) long, dangling earrings
b) a knee brace
c) nipple rings
d) handcuffs

**YOUR HAIR IS BEST DESCRIBED AS**
a) big hair
b) dread locks
c) Lesbian Haircut #3
d) What's hair?

**YOUR FAVORITE COLOGNE IS**
a) Passion
b) Brut
c) sweat
d) Old Spice
e) ~~vaginal fluid~~ panty moisture

**WHEN ON THE BENCH,**
a) you feel a sense of relief
b) you cheer enthusiastically for your teammates
c) you hate it
d) you poison the water

**WHEN YOU SCORE A GOAL,**
a) you faint in shock
b) you squeal with delight
c) you act as if it was nothing
d) you swear, because you were aiming a little further to the left
e) you give the goalie the finger and smile

**WHEN YOUR INNER CHILD CRIES,**
a) you cry with her
b) you go to therapy
c) you slap it silly
d) what's an inner child?

**WHEN YOUR OPPONENT THROWS A DIRTY ELBOW,**
a) you apologize for getting in the way
b) you give her a dirty look
c) you call her a dirty name
d) you call her a dirty name, and then ask for her phone number

## SCORING

Give yourself **0** points for every question you did not understand, **5** points for every **a)** response, **10** points for every **b)** response, **15** for every **c)** response, **20** for every **d)** response, and **25** points for every **e)** response.

If you score under **100**, you can consider yourself a **Good Sport**.

Being a Good Sport is lots like being a Gemini, only different. Frankly we think you must have mistaken this magazine for *Better Homes and Gardens*.

If your score falls between **100** and **199**, you are an **Encounter Athlete**.

You join the game, not to compete, but to join in the cosmic exchange of energy. You may even recall that matter can be neither created nor destroyed, and so you are simply engaging in the natural process of motion.

If you score anywhere from **200** to **299**, you are a **Challenger**.

You don't play to win, you're just in the game for show. You want to flounce around in a t-shirt and shorts... you want to meet babes. Winning isn't everything, but getting her number is. You don't aim high, but you often hit your target. Others enjoy being on your team.

A score between **300** and **399** means you are a **Competitor**.

What you lack in raw talent, you make up for with your hustle and perseverance. An asset to any team, and a scrapper in every sense of the word. The word "quit" isn't in your vocabulary.

Scoring between **400** and **499** suggests that you don't compete, you win. You are an **MVP**. And you win big, or else you don't play at all. We think you should be writing for GIRLJOCK , so please have your manuscript in to us soon.

Over **500** and you're a **Champ**.

We think you should consider joining the American Gladiators or challenging Martina to a little one-on-one. You have trouble separating fore play from after play—it's all play to you. Your motto should be: Just do it— out of earshot.

# SOME MO' GIRLJOCK SHORTS

## GERTRUDE STEIN A REVVIN' BETTY?

Many dilemmas are answered in the Vancouverite Old Car-o-philic Newsletter, *The Rear View Mirror*, a publication of The Revving Bettys, a women's car collector club.

The Revving Bettys offer women an alternative to the macho car collection scene, and their club is open to any woman who, through fortune or careful planning, has, has had or would like to have, or — and this is important — knows someone, or hopes to know someone who has an old car; and further demonstrates some degree of passion or affection toward it.

A Revving Betty member told GIRLJOCK editrix Roxxie that "We are sexier in our cars."

Judging from newsletter photos, many GIRLJOCKS would like to also be Bettys.

Send $8[00] for a year of the *Rear View Mirror* or $2[00] for a sample to: RB, MPO Box 15609, Vancouver, BC V6B 5B3 Canada.

LADIES FETISH & TABOO SOCIETY

For a sample copy of *Ladies Fetish & Taboo Society, A Compendium of Urban Anthropology*, send $2[00] to Lady Kathy (Kathy Biehl), PO Box 542327, Houston, TX 77254-2327.

*Ladies Fetish* editors, who all have the title Lady, collect strange stories, odd jokes, and "random weird" excerpts. The compendium also includes a column entitled "ASK A GUY," which "informs" readers about heterosexual male behavior in the "weird landscape of post-modern romance."

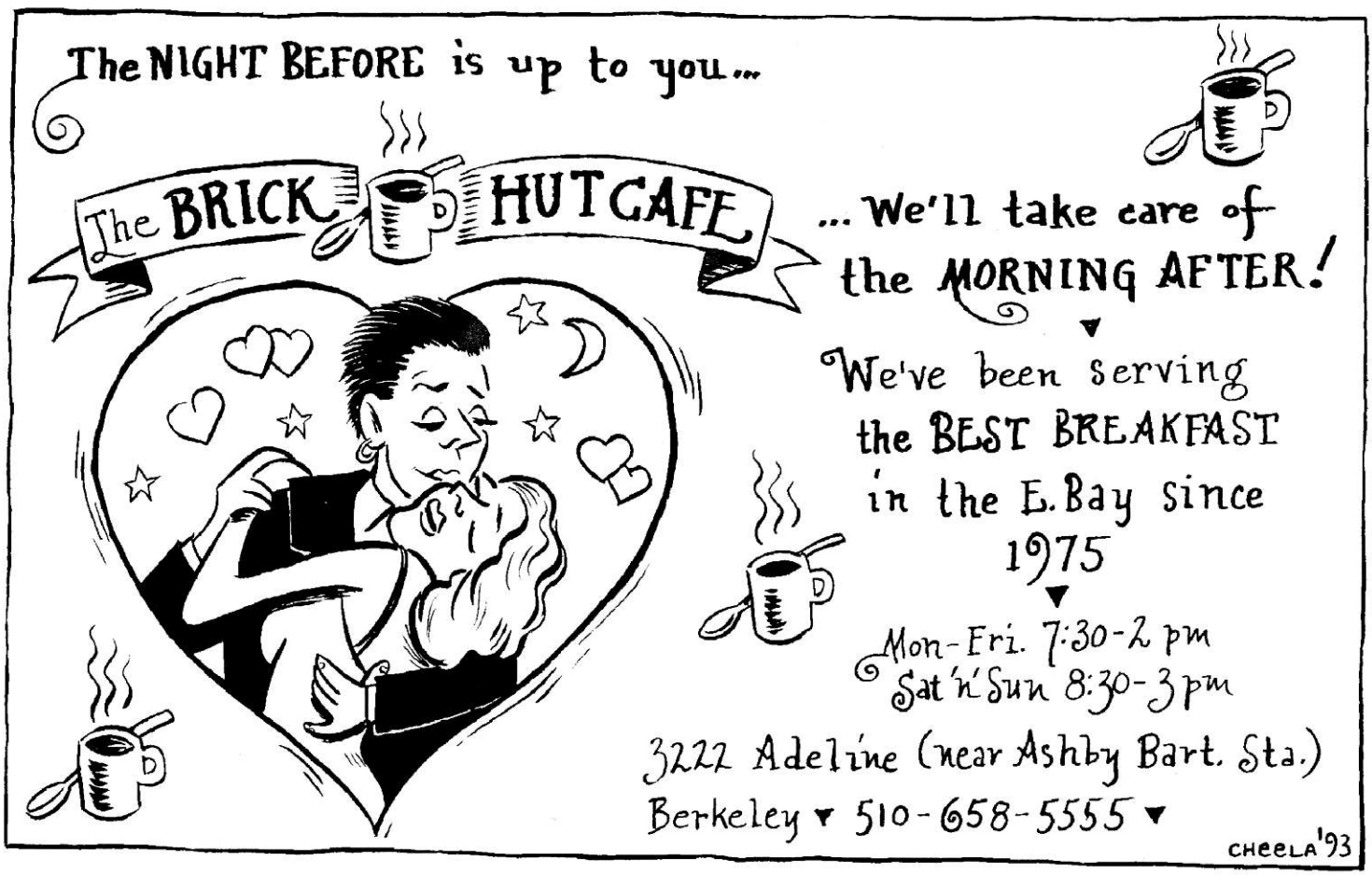
The Society's purpose is "venerating and chronicling our unceasing encounters with the weird. We also engage in devotion to efficiency and strive for that intactness of self known as Harmonica Virginity. Our members are few, our devotees growing in number and God/Goddess/All-There-Is knows what other ways. Changing from latter to former is a mysterious process that used to have something to do with gerbils... Like so much of life and certain by-products, it just happens."

A recent newsletter contained the following:

"They met at a statewide gathering of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA). Flames of passion burnt through US Postal Service trucks with such intensity that she decided to follow their trail and moved. True love met true life, the fire dimmed, and the pair realized that what they were really in love with was each other's SCA persona. She moved back to Dallas, they resumed their correspondence and, last we heard, their courtly love affair was back on smoking track."

## RAW VULVA A LESBO BIKE 'ZINE!

Are you ready to meet the Dyke Biker of the Month, read about bike messengers breaking the Rules of the Road, find out Bike-Friendly clubs and cafes, and gain new insights into Astrocompatibility? Try *Raw Vulva*! San Francisco's confessional Lesbian bike-o-phile 'zine! Face it, certain body parts do get tender after a way long bike ride. Your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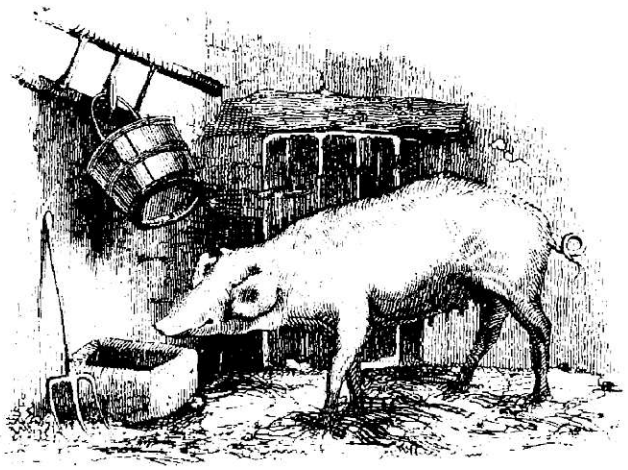

## "EXCUSE ME, WERE YOU BORN IN A BARN?"

GIRLJOCK correspondent from an unwealthy family was innocently flirting with female over the phone, when female attempted an off-handed comment:

"Oh baby doll, I used to think you were the perfect woman to marry until I found out you didn't have any money."

GIRLJOCK correspondent: "Whaaaaat, whaaaat do you mean I didn't have any money? I've got $20^{00}$ in my pocket!"

GIRLJOCK staff note: When women talk this way to you it isn't fun! Our suggested response: **"Excuse me, were you born in a barn?"**

GIRLJOCK correspondent was innocently attending a "literary salon."

A friend, known for her gregarious social introductions, sat down next to our GIRLJOCK correspondent. Then a young shorthaired trendo baby dyke, known for her descriptive verbose self-absorbed narratives, joined them.

"Oh, hello," said our GIRLJOCK correspondent.

Mutual socially gregarious friend interjected, "Oh, (giggle) do you two know each other?"

Young trendo self-absorbed baby dyke said, "No."

GIRLJOCK correspondent, appalled by trendo's disclaimer responded, "You've been sleeping with my roommate for the last three weeks. **Excuse me, were you born in a barn, honey?** We don't all look alike."

Another GIRLJOCK correspondent was chatting with an American Studies Ph.D. student who had completed all but her dissertation. Enthralled by her studies, the student excitedly relayed some of her recently acquired knowledge about America to our correspondent.

"You know," exclaimed the falsely confident student thinking that she was letting our correspondent in on some big secret, "everyone thinks that Columbus discovered America but there were really people here before that. People also think that there were just Pilgrims and Indians but really there are several different kinds of Indians. They're not all the same."

Our GIRLJOCK correspondent had no other choice than to reply, **"Excuse me, were you born in a barn or just educated in one?"**

Friend of GIRLJOCK correspondent was playing in a regular women's indoor soccer match, when a young woman brutally tackled her, causing a her to get her knee bloodied on the Astroturf floor. GIRLJOCK with bloodied knee continued playing until a player on the other team waltzed up to the referee and told her, "Stop the game and remove the player with the bloody knee, I don't want to get AIDS."

Our GIRLJOCK had to leave the field and wipe off the now dried blood on her knee.

Our suggested response: **"Excuse me, were you born in a barn?"**

Public service GIRLJOCK corespondent at work in a very busy place where the phone rings non-stop, and more demands are placed on the workers by the public than you could imagine in a nightmare.

A lady incoming phone caller greeted her with, "Hey Lady! I've been trying to get through to you for 15 minutes and your line is always busy! You've been taking up an awful lot of my time. I can't believe I finally got through to you! How come your lines are always so busy? What's the matter with you guys?"

Suggested response: **"Scuse me, were you born in a barn?"**

cost: $1^{00}$ plus two stamps, to *Raw Vulva*, 842 Folsom, Box 233, San Francisco, CA 94107.

### CONTEXAS

To receive a sample copy of *CONTEXAS*, send $2^{00}$ to PO Box 850018, Mesquite, TX 75185-0018. *CONTEXAS* posits itself as journal of short fiction and poetry for the mass culturally disabled (ie. those who prefer reading to watching the *SIMPSONS*).

The following exerpt from a recent issue is a poem by Josh Tyler.

*i pierced my left labia*
*she says matter of factly*
*as if we were talking of the weather*
*or baseball*
*or shopping at the mall*
*and beyond mild curiosity*
*i do not react*
*to fishnet stockings and velvet skirt*
*to black corset hiding a dragon tattoo*
*to the healing wounds of an endorphin junky*
*no, not here in dallas*
*(certain acts require sacred grounds)*
*so i sigh*
*and talk about recycling*

## TO SUN OR NOT TO SUN, A SUMMER DILEMMA

You're probably under the impression that sunscreens protect you from sunburn, which protects you from skin cancer, right? Yeah, well, forget about the ozone layer, the real risk of skin cancer may come from your sunscreen. A fresh look at the evidence suggests that sunscreens may actually promote some forms of skin cancer in fair-skinned white folks — people of color very rarely get skin cancer. Here's a summary of the story from *Mother Jones*, May/June 1993.

In the United States, sunscreens became popular in the 1950s. Before then reports of malignant melanoma, a nasty type of skin cancer, were rare. As people began to use sunscreens more and more, there were more and more reports of malignant melanoma. The rise in the two rates has been roughly parallel.

Two scientists, Cedric and Frank Garland, looked into this correlation. They more or less ruled out every variable factor except for sunscreen use. *Time* magazine lamely reviewed the Garlands' work. *Time* canned it without addressing the Garlands' evidence and without offering an alternative explanation for the leap in the number of cases of malignant melanoma in the last few decades. So if the Garlands are right, here's how sunscreen use can promote

skin cancer.

Most sunscreens only block UVB rays, the ones that cause sunburn. UVA rays, which make up 95 percent of the UV spectrum, are not adequately blocked by most sunscreens. It's these UVA rays that are suspected of causing cancer in the deeper layers of the skin.

### YOUR PAL, SUNBURN?

On a given occasion, your skin tells you when it's had too much exposure to the sun by getting a sunburn. This is your body's alarm system. When you're wearing sunblock, you're somewhat protected from UVB rays, but you've turned off your body's system that would normally get your butt out of the sun, away from UVA rays. So while you're not getting a sunburn, *per se*, you are overexposing the deeper layers of your skin to the UVA rays that may cause malignant melanoma.

In addition, the pattern of UV exposure that comes from UVB-blocking sunscreen being applied, wearing off and being reapplied, is also linked to malignant melanoma. This is bad. This is what Cedric and Frank Garland suggest is behind the skyrocketing rate of this nasty skin cancer.

### SO WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?

For starters, stay out of the sun. When that's not possible, try to stay as clad as you comfortably can. And, get a "broad spectrum" sunscreen, one that blocks both UVB and UVA rays, such as Photoplex, by Herbert Laboratories. A broad spectrum sunscreen may help in reducing your risk of getting malignant melanoma, but it's no guarantee. Your best bet is still to stay out of the sun, or to stay covered up as much as possible. (Sorry.)

Here are some more words of wisdom on sunscreens. The "Sun Protection Factor" (SPF) of a sunscreen depends on how much you put on and how evenly, as well as the chemical stability of the ingredients. So shake it up and slather that stuff on good and thick. Have a friend help you with those hard to reach areas. And remember to reapply the stuff often when you're out there sweating, and swimming and lord only knows what else, because if you ain't gonna be diligent about it, your broad spectrum sunscreen ain't gonna do you no good. And neither will malignant melanoma.

But there is still more information to confound the brain. For humans, sunlight is a major source of vitamin D, though we do get small amounts from cold-water fish and enriched milk. Amongst other benefits, vitamin D helps fight cancer. Another study by the Garland brothers shows that (*to page 13*)


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# Can You Stand the Test of Love?

GIRLJOCK is tickled to announce winners to the GIRLJOCK Love Letter Contest! Read on for the four winning letters. Our lovely, loving writers each win a GIRLJOCK t-shirt and other delicious stuff.

## Dear Martina,

I have not been able to forget your firm but gentle hold as I lay waiting on the rack at Nancy's Tennis and Pro Shop in Palm Springs. Your fingers lightly caressed my leather grip, my strings quivered under your expert touch. I was ready to leave the familiarity of the other racquets and follow you to the surface of your choice. I ached to feel the unleashed power of your biceps bringing me to new highs and new lows, the sweaty friction of your hand against my cowhide. Many women have passed through the store since that day, but their palms never ignited the desired I once experienced with you.

Forever your servant,
A Tightly Strung Racquet
(Linda Croteau)

## Dear Beautiful Woman at Work with Large Dark Eyes and Black Hair,

From the moment I first saw you I was overcome by the intensity of your eyes. I found out you knew my history without even knowing me, because your best friend was the first woman I ever kissed. She kissed me boldly on a softball field after almost everyone had gone home. She was the opposing pitcher, who lived in another city, and we were too young to have cars. The day after she kissed me I felt a deep hunger inside that even chocolate could not fill. I tried.

I'm so close to you and yet I am trapped, lost, and confused. I keep wanting to give you my phone number, but I am too shy. I also know you have it from the employee list, since we work at the same pet food galleria. Every day I want to touch you but am too afraid. I'm afraid we will have a very steamy but messy affair and then I'll have to see you every day as we restock the kitty litter and sell guppies. Can you please wait till I have a new job and then meet me in the supply closet on my last day?

I love you till the end of time,
She Who Would Serve You Coffee In Bed
(name with held at writer's request)

## Dear Babe-o-Mine:

I know it's only been two months, but hey, it's been 13 years out here on the tundra of tenderness trying to make my very own Love Connection. Not that the lust connections didn't finally catch up to my forlorn loins. It's just that after you've had enough to eat, if you keep on eating, it's time for purging. I'd binged so much on those sugary sweets that it was time to cough them up and wean myself. And then...

You came along. Who knew I'd nourished myself on junk until the rough-age and cleansing power of you. (And the fact that we both compare BMs! Oh girl of my dreams!) How would I have ever held out hope that the woman I'd been dreaming of would actually come true? And now here you are. And you're real. You've turned me, once a mighty stud poser, into the melt-in- your-mouth switch I really am. Bless you.

Truly yours,
Mango Mind
(name with held at writer's request)

## Dear Little Hard One,

The ridges I feel on your body are not bone or plain muscle, but strength. This strength allows you to set our boundaries so clearly. Such respect and desire I have for that powerful quality in you.

I imagine, not breaking you down, not controlling you, but causing you to respond to me. How easy to imagine us sweating together, reaching deeply into each other for that risky thrill.

Tell me how my touch will make those muscles into ripples of ecstasy, twitching and tingling as I pass over. Let me in enough to feel the energy of your blood rushing as I bite you, restrain you, fuck you and release you from your cool composure.

Your walk, your talk, that impish grin, come to my bed, Hard Muscle and Strong One, and let us begin.

Bad dog
(Angie Dennis)

people who habitually use sunscreen have unusually low, even "deficient" levels of vitamin D. This suggests that getting a bit of unblocked sunlight — carefully managed to avoid sunburn and overexposure — may not be the worst thing you can do.

### IT'S NOT EASY, GALS.

Minimizing your risk of skin cancer is complicated business while being the sweaty, buff, studs that you are. It's your skin and it's your life. You've got the evidence presented here to help you decide how to be smart about being in the sun. —*Cassie Coleman*

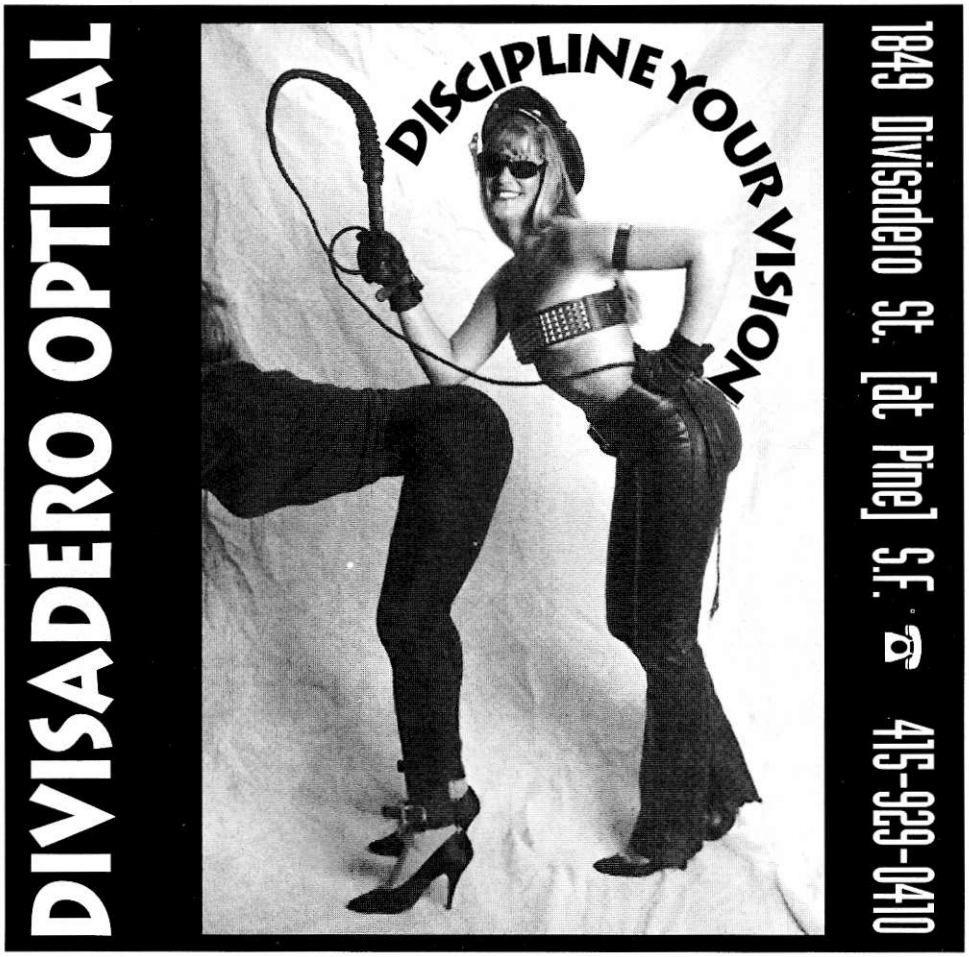
***Despite repeated incidences of Title IX violations, the NCAA employs no penalties for schools who break this law...***

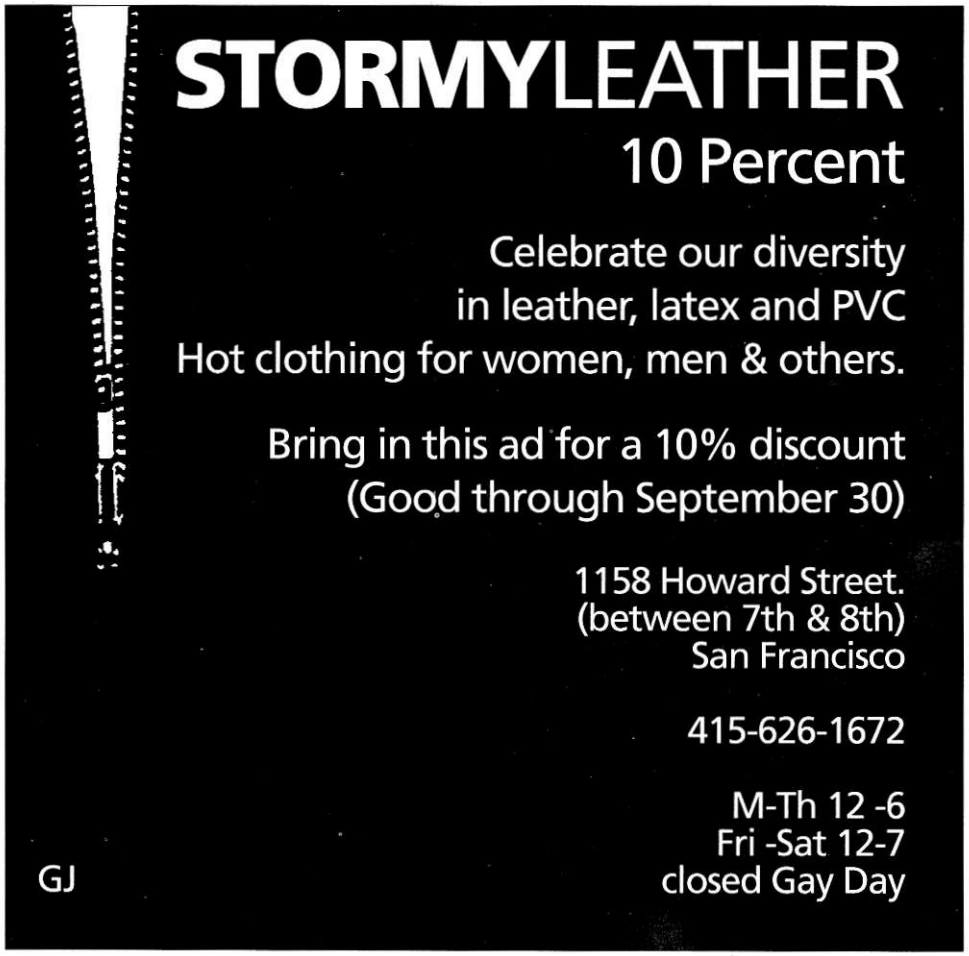
## CONGRESSWOMAN CARDISS COLLINS GOES TO BAT FOR COLLEGIATE GIRLJOCKS

"It is odd that the NCAA would place a school on probation for driving an athlete to class, or providing a loan, but would have no penalty for a school that violates Title IX, a federal law," said Illinois Congresswoman Cardiss Collins. Collins is holding oversight hearings on college sports and has introduced legislation to require schools to report on their compliance with Title IX. She also said further hearings on Gender Equity are expected. Her bill would require institutions of higher education to disclose participation rates and program support expenditures in college athletics. This would enable prospective students to evaluate the school's commitment levels to women's athletics before making their selection of colleges.

The NCAA recently published a gender equity report completed by their special Gender Equity Task Force, where they reveal predictable statistics such as: women in Division I NCAA teams received only an average of 20 percent of an average budget of 1.31 million; women receive an average of 59 grants where men receive 143; an average of 15 percent of recruiting budgets are spent on recruiting women.

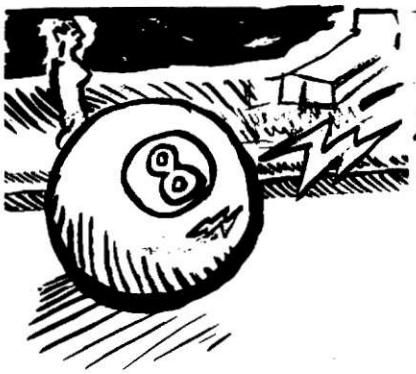
Phyllis Howlett, assistant commissioner, Big Ten Conference and Chair, NCAA Committee on Women's Athletics, said, "...we have a long way to go in achieving overall compliance with law, not to speak of embracing the simple moral imperative of fairness and the provision of opportunity."

# HOW TO FIND A NEW LOVER!

By Roxxie ©1992

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# MIMI'S MARCH ON WASHINGTON

BY MIMI-FREED

## BY NOW YOU'VE HEARD there were a handful of hard-core queers protesting something at the nation's capitol.

At least that's what you heard if your only access to the March on Washington was the measly coverage provided by every major media outlet in this country.

Yea, I guess the network players were too busy watching their asses to get any real count of how many people were there. But leave it to the qweirdo I am to have gotten some inside scoops to share with GIRLJOCK.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 25
### THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON
### FOR GAY, LESBIAN AND BISEXUAL RIGHTS

I performed on the Kick-Off Stage as a co-emcee with Nalty, C.W.A. (Comic with AIDS) for an hour. Silly me, I thought nobody would really be up that early (10:00 a.m.). There were over 20,000 on the grass in front of me. I was so happy they could all make it! I did my best to give them pro-bi-sexual humor and anti-religious intolerance humor. (i.e. I'm willing to bet that when we're not watching, most of the Fundamentalists are really singing: "And they'll know we are Christians by our guns, by our guns!")

Instead of doing any actual marching - it took all of seven hours for all the contingents to finish! - I decided to make the best use of my press pass. I left my New York sister and her gal-pals on the lawn close to the stage and easily found myself backstage at the Main Stage. Not that there weren't a bunch of surly, undersexed (?), and downright rude security types trying to stop me.

I just waved my performer pass around and flashed my brashest "I-belong-here" attitude and vaulted over them. My outfit helped. In true San Francisco sex-positive style, I wore bright red jeans, a red lace bra and an open black vest with necklaces and passes hanging down my cleavage.

I ran around and tried to talk to as many people as I could that wouldn't run from my chest. Cybill Shepherd was surrounded by too many handlers who insisted I keep my distance. As if I wanted to hide from the sun with her prissiness under her parasol. Get a tan!

It was easy to find the bull-dyke of comedy herself: Lea Delaria, the dyke to watch out for. You know she's broken the dyke barrier on Arsenio don't you? Twice now! I asked her what the march felt like and she responded:

"This march to me feels like: if I were locked in a pastry store in Paris overnight and I couldn't get out and I was then told that I could eat anything I wanted and not gain an ounce, THAT is what this march feels like to me."

And Scout, one of the four National co-chairs could only respond: "I'm having a twelve-hour orgasm. I'll probably have to sleep for two weeks to recover, so sorry to all my girlfriends. You know, the thousands out there. But please, catch me later in the month."

*It feels like a positive experience. It's one of those days obviously that none of us will ever forget. . . . I've always been in the minority and it's nice to be in the majority here.*

But the epitome of the March came for me when I thought the mighty woman of sports herself was cruising me. I'd stopped to reload my camera and caught her peering out from the camper door I was standing outside of.

No time to think — Act!

Here is the entire interaction I was graced with between myself and the Amazon herself:

"Can I just come in and interview you?"

"Is that all you want to do?"

"Yea. Well, I could do plenty more. I'm dressed for it, okay? Hi Martina, Mimi Freed. Nice to meet you. I'm freelance reporting for anybody who'll buy this story and . . ."

Navratilova laughs, "You have too much hair."

"I just got a haircut."

"Ha, ha, ha," Navratilova laughs again. "What a shame."

"I did the best I could do. Were you at the '87 March?"

"No, I didn't know it was even happening. In fact, the first I read about it was when I read that *Time* and *Newsweek* didn't report on it," she answers. "That's the first I even heard about it. I didn't know it existed. I would have gone then, I'm sure."

"I won't ask you the difference between the two marches then. [Brilliant observation, Freed, good journalistic instinct.] How do feel about this march? I've seen you at the Honoring Our Allies event and you were at the Gala last night. How does it feel to be at this one?"

Mimi can't take her eyes off Martina!

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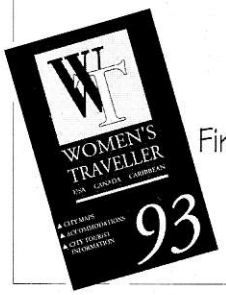


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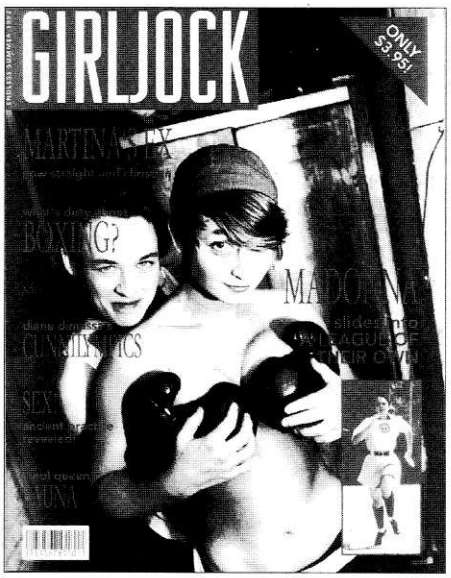


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"Overpowering.

"To see all the people out, it's fantastic. It feels like a positive experience. It's one of those days obviously that none of us will ever forget.

"But for me, because I've been the underdog so much as far as public adulation or acceptance even, and I've always been in the minority. It's nice to be in the majority here. I mean I've had the crowd really come on to my side in the last couple of years, but to get this kind of rapport and respect and love, it's overwhelming."

"This may not matter journalistically," Freed confesses, "but I appreciate what you said about Magic Johnson. I'm sure you took a lot of shit or flack for that."

"What is funny is that everybody asked me, 'Have you gotten any negative response?' But I really didn't, it was only in the questions they were asking me. 'Did you get any bad mail?' And I didn't. Everything has been positive, except for maybe the questions, people thinking that I would get negative feedback from it and I really didn't."

"Great."

"So there was like one bad letter out of thousands," Navratilova admits.

"That was not the assumption at all. Everybody thought you were going to get hit for speaking out..."

"And I didn't. Everybody said, 'I'm glad you said something. We all thought it but you said it.' And they all said, 'Did you get any negative feedback?' And I'm like... 'Why should I?' "

"Because you said the truth. You shouldn't."

"I said the truth. I cannot get bad feedback."

"Can I ask a favor?"

"Maybe," Navratilova responds coyly.

"Picture please?"

"Sure."

"Okay, you want to have brown hair?" [I put my hair on top of her head.]

"Yes!" [Her friends laugh. We take it off.]

Just then, Michelle Crone, the woman I've been searching for during the entire march comes into Martina's trailer.

"Is that Mimi Freed?"

"Crone-y!"

I rudely ignore Martina in favor of adoring the woman that got me a space on the kick-off stage. I hear Martina say on the tape:

"She's unbelievable. I mean look at that hair!"

"I'll have some to spare the next time I get it cut," I hear myself reply.

"Send me some," the GIRLJOCK goddess demands.

"I will."

*Right. Does anybody have her address?*

# NO FEAR OF FLYING

## Those Daring Young Women on their Flyin' Trapeze

Written by Evelyn McDonnell with photos by Ted Soqui

SARAH STEBEN HANGS FROM A STEEL BAR SWINGING 33 FEET IN THE AIR. HER HANDS ARE CURLED AROUND THE TRAPEZE; HER SHINS WRAP AROUND THE SHINS OF HER TWIN SISTER, FEET GRIPPING KNEES. KARYNE IS UPSIDE-DOWN, HER ARMS REACHING FOR THE AUDIENCE, HER 18-YEAR-OLD BODY FLYING FREE, BACK AND FORTH UNDER THE YELLOW AND BLUE PLASTIC OF THE CIRQUE DU SOLEIL TENT. IT SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY THINGS PREVENTING HER FROM CONTINUING THE TRAJECTORY OF THE ARC UP INTO THE TENT TOP, OVER THE BLEACHERS, THEN DOWN, THREE STORIES, TO THE FLOOR, ARE HER SISTER'S ANKLES. LIMBS THAT WERE MADE FOR WALKING, RUN-

running, standing, climbing, kicking, dancing, but not for grasping, hang on tight.

In Saltimbanco, Cirque du Soleil's touring production, surreally costumed acrobats catapult off a Russian swing while a rock band blows Andrew Lloyd Webber-esque blues. A double-jointed Russian family slithers through each other's limbs in a survivalist ballet. And in the midst of the gymnastic, Chagallian opera, the Stebens perform a dizzying display of daredeviltry. Balanced on the trapeze's proscenium fulcrum, bodies symmetrically and gracefully poised, the twins, quite literally, support girl love.

Before girls get tits and boys get chest hair, people don't care so much what they do. Life can seem physically limitless to healthy kids growing up in American suburbs. I remember the first time I fell out of a tree. The bushes below caught me, and the whole experience was so funny and exciting that I climbed back up and fell again and again. In the moments I was airborne, the earth's magnetic pull had me giddy. That same desire to defy gravity drove the Wright brothers' propeller inventions and guides the Steben sisters' trapeze tricks. "As kids, we always go on a tree, or a roof," Sarah says in the fractured English these Quebecois teens speak. Once, they held on to an umbrella together and jumped off their house. "One day, we would like to jump from airplane with parachute."

Acts that challenge our notions of movement are at Saltimbanco's core. Contortionists, acrobats, muscle men, and tightrope walkers defy death and dare the air. In a circus devoted to the aesthetics of danger, the Stebens seem particularly fearless. "We don't want to scare the people," Sarah says, "we just want to have fun."

For two Montreal schoolgirls tired of the torturous, tedious gymnastics they had practiced for three years, trapeze offered an adventurous and artistic — and healthy — alternative. The point in Cirque isn't to abuse the human body, but to marvel at the extremes to which it can be stretched and pushed. It's a far cry from the Stebens' lithe forms and joyful swings to the emaciated physiques and pained faces of last summer's Olympic gymnasts. "Gymnastics is not emotion; it's just technical," says Karyne. "You saw the Olympic, the little girl cry, because she have so pressure. One day if I'm coach, I don't want to have students whose parents push them. I want them to have fun. And maybe if they see the Cirque, they can understand the emotion. It's really important, because it help the movement to be stronger and beautiful."

You would have to be even more cynical than a New York Village Voice writer not to be charmed and captivated by the Stebens. They are petite and pretty, but strong and well-muscled. In conversation, they frequently reach across the table to hold hands. "We have complicity together," they somewhat awkwardly explain, using a word more common in French than English.

"We move together," Karyne says.

"Like a mirror," Sarah adds.

"We are like one together, just one people. We dance on the trapeze."

The Stebens are fraternal twins, but they're almost impossible to tell apart. Sarah is slightly larger; Karyne, thinner in the face. A stranger can detect only a subtle, tonal difference between the two, even after a couple meetings. But the twins are not trying to confuse their identities. Karyne and Sarah readily delineate their differences.

"She's left-handed, I'm right," Karyne says. "I prefer to fly. But she don't like to fly."

"I prefer to be catching," Sarah says.

"But we do both things in the show because it's fun to try to do both."

Leg grips are the Stebens' calling card. According to their on site trainer, Warren Conley, they are one of only two groups in the world to catch leg to leg. Cirque aerial trainer Basil Schoutz and Saltimbanco artistic director Andrew Watson developed the act. Conley credits their training for the twins' early success. The Stebens agree. While performing, they sometimes whisper "Basil Schoutz" to each other, to remind them of his encouragement "to fly."

Such confidence is crucial — trapeze can be dangerous. In the *fixe* part (the first half of the act, when the trapeze doesn't move), the sisters have nothing but each other to keep them from hitting the ground. Although they use safety ropes attached to belts while they are swinging, there is still a possibility of injury. Trapeze is a demanding physical sport: The twins constantly have shin splints, and rope burns form lines on their arms.

Their worst accident occurred one night last fall, when both were nervous. The anxiety threw them off, and when Sarah felt herself sliding out of Karyne's hold, she panicked and tried to catch the bar with one hand. Two ribs popped out of place, and she lost consciousness for a moment. "I didn't know she was injured," Karyne recalls. "I say, Stop? She say yes. Then I feel like I'm hurt too." Sarah pulled muscles and ligaments that took six months to heal. "I'm always in a little pain," she says.

Less than three years ago, Sarah and Karyne

Steben had never been on a trapeze. They were planning to go to college: Karyne to study physical education, maybe to become a choreographer or gymnastics instructor. Sarah wanted to go into the performing arts, maybe to be an artistic director. Then they went to see the Montreal-based Cirque du Soleil.

Like a million dreamers intoxicated by the promise of fantastic escape — from the confines of a fixed life, a small town, or the limits placed on the body — the Stebens immediately wanted to join the circus. They walked into Cirque's offices and, after two months of auditions, were given the job as Cirque du Soleil's new trapeze act. Less than one year later, the twins tested their performance at the Festival Mondial du Cirque de Demain, an international circus tournament in Paris. In a field where acts often take four

*"We are like one together, just one people. We dance on the trapeze."*

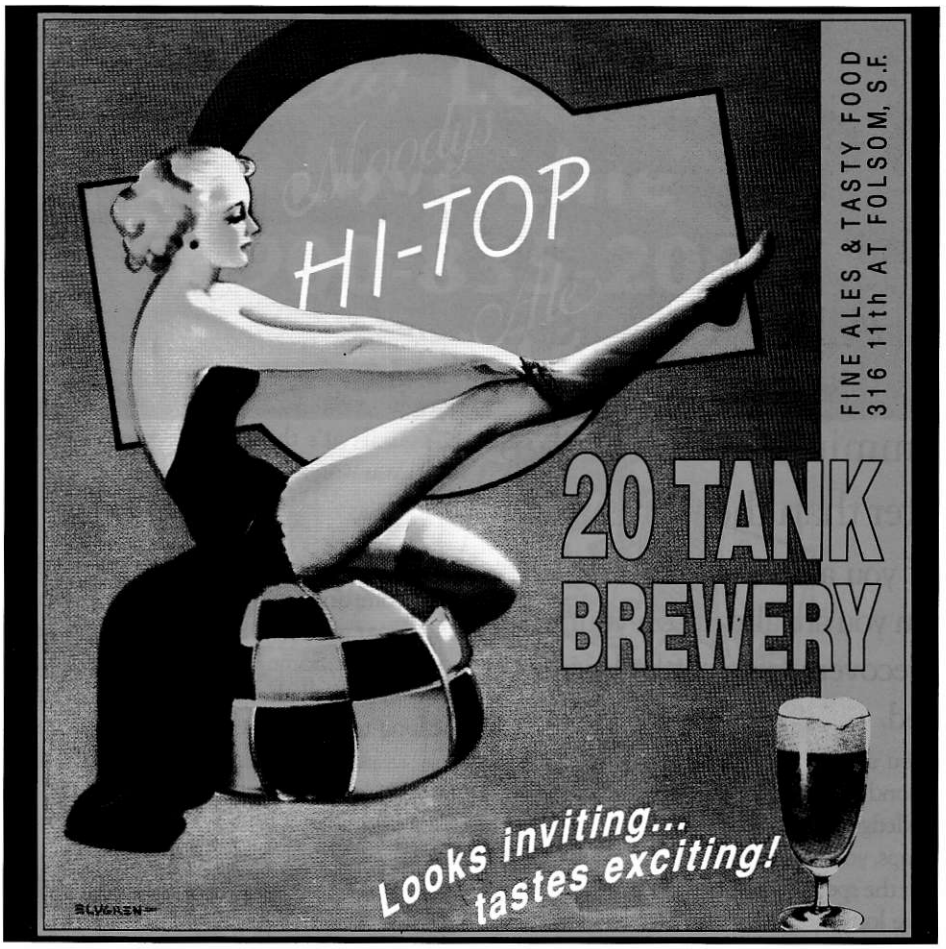
years to develop, the novice Steben sisters returned to Canada with a gold medal.

Cirque has helped the twins develop their independence and ambitions. Indeed, they are already outgrowing its fold. "We want to go to Europe, to Paris, and do the trapeze together in cabarets," Karyne says. "Because we want to learn a little bit more. Here, it's too easy. Here we can't learn how to put my trapeze, how to work for pay and receive the money. We have no choice. Maybe I will think about the money and the business, and she will think about the costumes. That's why we are strong together."

The Stebens' togetherness fuels their independence. Their sweet, feminine looks may make them attractive to the family audiences Cirque draws. But alongside their graceful beauty there's a bravery and a bravado to their act. As Erica Jong has pointed out, feeling free to fly is no small feminist victory.

Like many people, I have dreams where I fly. I leap into the air and don't come down, gliding over people's heads like Baryshnikov on acid. In my sleep, flying feels wholly natural, as if I'd been airborne all my life. Karyne had the same kind of dreams, until she swung from a trapeze. "Before, sometimes I dreamed I run, and I fly. And now I never dream about it," she says. Of course, you don't have to dream about something when you're doing it every day.

*For Cirque du Soleil's schedule, call 514-522-2324. A version of this story appeared in the* Village Voice.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# Take Back Tonight

## A Coping Guide for Softball Wives

### by Nomial Nomenclature

**WHAT TWO WORDS** can destroy a passionate, committed relationship faster than the words, I DO?

If you answered PLAY BALL! then you are already on your road to recovery from softball widowhood.

You already know the magnetism of the diamond because you've been forced to acknowledge its power over someone you love. Perhaps, you've watched as a friend fell deeply under the spell of that seamy sphere. Or maybe you've lost a lover to that leather fetish that stops short at cleats and a glove. Some of you may have even found yourselves drawn to the madness centered around the pitching mound. But not enough to take the plunge, so you find yourself married to the stands, a lover and fan of one of the players.

Help is on the way. Here are a few simple tricks I've developed over the innings ... I mean years ... that have helped me save my sanity when softball has stolen my sweetie away from me.

### Communication

First, maintaining effective communication through the long season is important for a lasting relationship. Learn to nod and echo. You don't have to know anything about the game—not the rules, not the strategies, not even the lingo—but when your girlfriend starts to talk softball just nod and echo.

For instance, here's a sample dialogue:

Her: We didn't get a runner on until the bottom of the sixth when Alice doubled to left and Monica sacrificed to move her to third.

You (nodding): Alice doubled, Monica moved her. Note: It helps to look off into the distance, suggesting you are imagining this on a ball field in your mind.]

Her: Then after two walks, with bases loaded, Dara hits a shot. The throw from the outfield is on the money, but the catcher drops the ball, and that's the game.

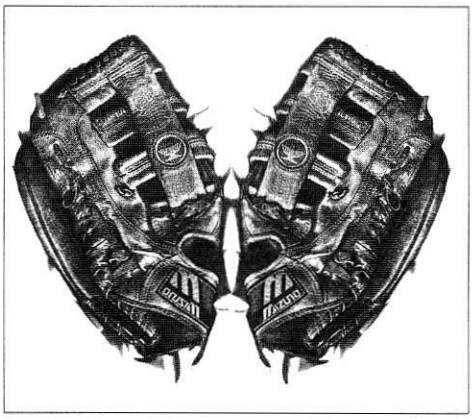
You: Catcher drops the ball.

Her: Yup, and that's the game. (hugging you with excitement) We win another one.

You: That's the game, honey, (hugging back) you won another one.

### During the Game

Just like misery, abandonment to softball loves company. The worst thing you can do when your girlfriend is at the ball park is stay home alone. Some softball wives will prefer to avoid softball altogether, but I believe that the long-term effects of such a strategy are fatal to the relationship. Therefore, I suggest you face the music. And, the song is "Take me out to the ball game." So, on game day, head for the bleachers.



I Glove You!

The sidelines can feel like a lonely place, but you should never feel alone. Remember, where there is one softball widow, there are at least nine others. And what fun it is to spend the afternoon looking sporty in the sunshine and gathering gossip! Ten times out of ten, the other softball widows won't pay any more attention to the game than you will, but collectively you who have the common goal of tending to your cleated companion will find that you have kept track just enough so that when the teams are shaking hands—evidence that the game is finally over—you will know who won.

At this point, most of your comrades-in-lawnchairs will be focusing their attention on their own partners. It's well worth listening to the observations at this time, as the comments can be very telling. "Uh-oh, Lindy just told Spike to go to hell", "No one looks cheery, do they?", "Is that Annabel who just punched your girlfriend?"

As you can see, knowing which team wins is only half the battle of knowing how to greet your girlfriend after the game. Greetings depend not only on which team wins, but also on your girlfriend's performance, the number of bruises sustained, the field conditions, the umpire's calls, the other team's record, the league standings, as well as the moon's tilt, and the coach's zodiac sign.

In other words, even when you think you know exactly what your girlfriend wants to hear, you still only have a 50-50 chance of being right.

For instance, if your girlfriend plays well, but her team loses, she will need to publicly display disappointment with the loss. Generally, it is not a good idea to run up to her yelling "great catch" for a spectacular play she made in the second inning of a 10-2 loss. You threaten her relationship with her teammates who could not care less about that catch. However, if it happened that a backup pitcher had resentfully yelled to your girlfriend in the middle of the sixth inning, "Hey, does your girlfriend hate softball or what? She never watches the game," then, you would do well to publicly show some interest in the events of the game in any form.

Regardless of my girlfriend's needs, experience has taught me to wait in my lawnchair—the low, fold-up ones are my preference—until my girlfriend greets me first. This way she and her teammates can process the game—what one fellow widow calls "doing that team thing"—without feeling my presence. And without putting me in the position of having to interpret any exchanges. The last thing you want to do is have to have her try to explain her teammates' actions to you.

It has helped me to develop a repertoire of these four post-game greetings: celebration, congratulations, comfort, and the non-greeting which approximates invisibility, for those times when she wants most to be alone, but I am, for better or for worse, there.

## After The Game

Celebration is the easiest, but the rarest, post-game activity. Like all at-the-field interactions with your girlfriend, follow her lead. Feel free to celebrate with other widows whenever you like, but celebration with a girlfriend in uniform requires her initiation of such a display. Only championship games or major upsets will provide an opportunity for celebration on the field with your girlfriend.

In the case of celebration, the off-the-field activities are usually well worth attending. Everyone's in good cheer, and you can expect your girlfriend to be just as eager to return home to celebrate, one-on-one, as you are.

Generally, however, not all post-game socializing is good for your relationship. Individual couples need to work out arrangements, but the compromise that has worked for me is my "Take Back the Night" campaign.

This campaign relies on our ability to maintain, what I call, a "menage a twilight." The trick is, of course, learning to share your girlfriend with her team during the early evening and daylight hours. During the game, she belongs to softball, but in the later evening hours, I expect her to be fully mine. It's only fair.

## Last Ditch Save

The key to maintaining balance in this convoluted configuration is by having my own Dugout.

Rather than competing with softball for attention, I simply shift mine elsewhere while at the ball park. On days when I don't feel like watching softball, I rationalize my time at the park as an extended walk with Dugout — my trusty, non-softball-playing but none-the-less, quite fetching, canine date.

Not only are they wonderful companions for the ups and downs of the game, but dogs have a remarkable sense of smell that seems to tip them off to the post-game moods of players. And that sure can be handy for the softball widow. Dugout is particularly useful in those moments when my girlfriend wants to stew. I can focus on Dugout without feeling the intensity of my girlfriend's wish to be alone.

Then, when she finally comes over to me for comfort or commiseration, I can show her I haven't gone through the wild flux of the game she has. Why, I'm having my own well-invested day at the ball park, and what is it she could possibly need from me?

The flipside of our "menage a twilight" is, of course, that my girlfriend shares me with my dog Dugout during the early evening hours. But, later in the evening, she can expect me to be fully hers. It's only fair.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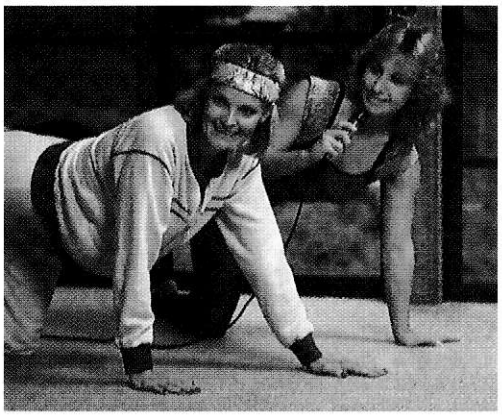

# BEHIND the GOLDEN DOOR

## OR SPA-BRAIN'S IRON PUMPING POSITIVE ENDORPHINS OVERWHELM MY PEDICURIAL DESIRES

*By Amy Wallace*

I swore I'd never go back.
Why did I do it?
I did it for a lark,
I did it for my Inner Child,
I did it on impulse,
I did it for...GIRLJOCK!

Three years ago my mother took me to The Golden Door in San Diego, which is the fanciest and most expensive health spa in the country. She paid all the bills, and we spent a week being pedicured, pampered, and generally kowtowed to.

It was the most wasteful, indulgent place I'd ever been, and I loved every minute of it. In fact, when I returned to Berkeley, buffed, toned and glowing (we had a different facial every day), the envy of all my friends, I knew that The GD had won my heart, or anyway my pecs. The GD had opened and closed, and left its name written deep in my body cells with indelible ink.

Just recently, I had an unexpected windfall. Did I spend it on the plumbing? Or that IRA account? (What do those terrorists need with my money, anyway?) No. I impetuously called The GD. They had a cancellation for the following week.

Repeat GDsters develop a kind of female machismo. Two GD visits is a mere flirtation — one woman I know's been back ten times; another 37. An addiction perhaps? Or is it some new deep tissue body memory where your cells cry out for the treatments, the mealtimes, the saunas, the private weigh-ins, the beautiful scenery?

Before you could say "liposuction" I was packed. I was going back — where the likes of Oprah, Cher and Tuesday Weld had gone before. (Apparently Tuesday, like many stars, never left her room. Cher mingled with the peasants. Oprah arrived under a false name, said the employees in hushed whispers. But whether Oprah hid during her session, or conducted faux talk shows in the locker rooms, even a roving reporter like me could not find out.)

I arrived at the San Diego airport and was met by the GD Airport Slaves. I looked like myself — a ratty jean jacket, ubiquitous opaque shades, and the even more ubiquitous Attitude. Two other guests arrived at the same time. They looked like incredibly rich stewardesses, and I could tell they thought I was the Help, except I looked too shitty to be a GD employee. I looked like hell.

On the van ride I broke the ice. When they found out I was a writer, the ladies decided to overlook what a slob I was, as if that explained everything. We made friends. The next thing you know we were all yapping like we'd known each other for years. New Yorker Carole was very elegant but had obviously eaten a little too much Brie at all those art openings. Her husband did something undisclosed and was evidently very rich.

Philadelphian Elaine had just had her fourth child. Her husband had shipped her off to firm up after the baby. (She brought her breast pump with her.) Her husband was in Money. I was shortly to learn that out of 35 guests at the Door, I was one of three who wasn't married.

We were greeted by more Slaves, clad in kimonos and bearing iced herbal tea. Guests milled around, each dripping with enough jewelry and designer-wear to support me for a year. I was shown to my room, where I found a closet full of regulation T-shirts, sweats and shorts. These were meant to break down class and fame barriers and spare me the hassle of wondering what to wear.

Thank God for uniforms.

I made straight for the pool and asked Elaine to dive in with me.

"I'm not ready to get in a bathing suit yet," she sighed. Elaine was good-looking, slim and graceful and WASP-y, but she wasn't feeling too hot about her body.

Post swim. I lay in the sun next to her, helping myself to three varieties of GD suntan lotion. Elaine looked accusingly at my legs.

"Do you work out? Your legs, I mean. You can't be born with legs like that."

"Um . . . well, sometimes I do. Lift some weights. And I walk a lot."

Elaine glared at me. Ouch! My new friend! My only companion in this wilderness of face lifts and tummy tucks!

I stole a look at her lean, toned arms.

"Of course," I added, "I can't ever get my arms to look like that. No matter what I do." I shrugged. "I've always wanted muscular arms."

Elaine looked slightly mollified. "How old are you?" she demanded.

"Thirty-seven."

She looked as if she'd been struck a slight blow, one she was expecting. Elaine was 35.

"You look younger than I do."

"I do not. Really."

"Yes you do. It's because I've had four children." She stared at me. "You're young. Too young."

It was a jungle out there.

I went to weigh in. The Weight Slave was thin. She had measured the ankles and tits of the rich and famous over the years, and she

looked tired. She'd heard it all, and then some. Gotta be a rough job. When no one else was in earshot, I carefully asked the Weight Slave what her job was like.

"Oh," she sighed, "some of these women are so thin, and they want to lose weight anyway."

"Do you think they're anorexic?"

"Some of them. But I can't say anything. Some of them don't believe the scales are accurate, and they get mad about it."

When I told her I liked to eat a lot, and that I'd chosen the GD maximum calorie food plan, she nodded her head in approval. That meant I got meals three times bigger than everyone else, and of course they all hated me for it. But the Weight Slave understood. "That's good," she said, "you need to eat." After all, I hadn't come to GD to suffer.

Typical GD days begin at 6:30. Despite their attempts to herd us all out for an early morning hike, I practiced the Amy Wallace Morning Plan; I chose to sleep through the stressful summer camp revisited dawn hikes up the glorious mountainside. When breakfast-in-bed arrived at 7:30, I slugged down mucho coffee and raced off to my first of several aerobics classes, all taught by instructors who were Perfect. They were all named Cindy and Trudi, and had zero body fat. Then there was a workout at the gym, stretching, yoga, more aerobics, swimming, a facial, an herbal body wrap, and finally a daily massage from my own private Massage Slave. Oh, and a meeting with my Personal Trainer Slave, who took calipers to my thighs and discussed my lifetime exercise plan.

Juice Break time. During the Juice Break on our first strenuous day, I met my friends Carole and Elaine by the pool. We got right down to real Girl Talk.

Carole told us about her husband who drank. A pretty sad story, and in the aftermath of the intense revelations, the conversation drifted to caviar.

Elaine said the Beluga in Poland was a great deal, only most Americans didn't know it. Sevruga was just too salty for her, anyway. Carole nodded, and told us how she used to shop duty-free on her way from Europe with Mother and gobble caviar on the plane. They brought their own lemons.

I said, "This is the great thing about The GD. Where else can you have a conversation like this?"

"Oh, you couldn't at Rancho La Puerta," said Elaine. "They'd think you were pretentious." They both looked at me worriedly. "But we all ...know we're not..."

"Oh," I cut her off, "Of course. I definitely have my views about Sevruga and Osetra."

They laughed with relief, yet I have recorded their caviar commentaries.

Later on, in the gym, I found myself treadmill-to-treadmill with another species of femme fauna.

Ashley was 34, married with kids (new baby) and was a professional fitness trainer (and a former employee of The GD). She was here with her fabulously wealthy mother-in-law (who knew Liz, the Liz, personally). Ashley, a New Jersey native, was tall, blond and perfect. She was stupid and very kind, and she had the most amazing pneumatic breasts I'd ever seen. I stared at them in frank bewilderment as they joggled gently beneath her GD T-shirt.

"Hi! I'm Ashley!" she beamed, brushing the dew from her golden brow. "Isn't this place just totally excellent?"

Boing, Boing.

That night in the sauna I snuck furtive peeks at her bazongas. No stretch marks, no scars, no nuthin'.

"Ashley," I inquired, "are you still breastfeeding?"

"Oh no. But I did for three months. It was excellent. My sister did it for a long time. She looked like Biafra. So she had to get them done."

"Wasn't she worried about the silicone?"

"No way! It was totally excellent."

Boing, Boing.

Day after day floated by at The GD, in a haze of workouts, saunas and eyelash tints. By the third day I was so jocked-out that I canceled my pedicure (much to the horror of the staff) to go lift in the gym. I had what's called, "spa brain." My muscle mass had taken over my personality, and my brain went out to pasture. Moo, Moo. My only resulting concession to the beauty department was to let Mr. Richard cut the weird red streaks out of my hair.

I was afraid he was being conservative, until he said he thought I'd look good with a buzz-cut. Get down, Mr. Richard. He must have known he had a live one on his hands. His assistant, Gino, brought me tea and told me how he'd just kicked an $80-a-day sushi habit.

The fourth day: Ashley invited me hiking. She told me about her excellent life, her husband, and her parents. At last her cheerleader face grew serious.

"Amy," she said, as she pranced like a gazelle ahead of me up a steep hill, "you don't have any cellulite."

"Well, Ashley, that's true. I don't. But as a matter of fact, neither do you."

"Oh yes I do!"

"Where?

"On the backs of my legs."

"I don't see anything."

"It is there. But I don't care. It's totally fine."

I walked behind her to examine the backs of her thighs. Nothing.

"Ashley, I don't see it."

"It is okay. I'm fine about it. I really am."

On the final night of my stay, after a soak in the hot tub with Carole, Ashley, and Elaine, I decided to go for a last midnite dip in the pool.

Ashley ran after me, calling, "Amy! Amy!"

"Huh?"

"I lust after you!" she screamed across the pool.

"What? You what?"

"I totally lust after you! Your body! Everything! You're . . . excellent!"

Dear reader, what would you have done in my place? Was Ash making a pass? Or was it some weird GD war cry? Was it Spa Brain?

All I could think of to say was, "Um, thanks," and she plashed happily back into the Jacuzzi.

Golden Door, the final day. The next morning we all saw each other in our real clothes again, as we got ready to leave for the airport. Mr. Richard had cut my hair so short that I looked even weirder than I had when I arrived. Everyone else looked like Nancy Reagan.

Elaine took me aside confidingly.

"Ashley's, um, bust — she had it done, you know. She told me."

So her boobs weren't real after all. Well, not much was real at The Golden Door. But you know what? I don't care. Here I was — a two visit veteran, able to talk caviar with rich housewives, forgo pedicures for the weight room, keep up with zero body fat aerobics instructors named Cindy and Trudi, and spot cellulite at 47 paces. So I couldn't tell the real thing from the enhanced. Hey, I'm fine with it. It was totally excellent.

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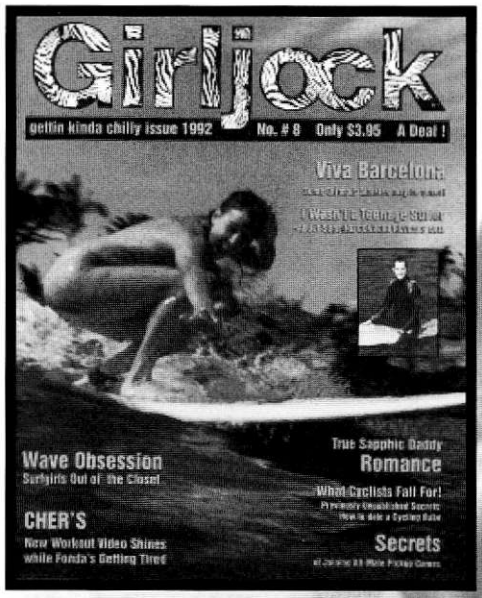


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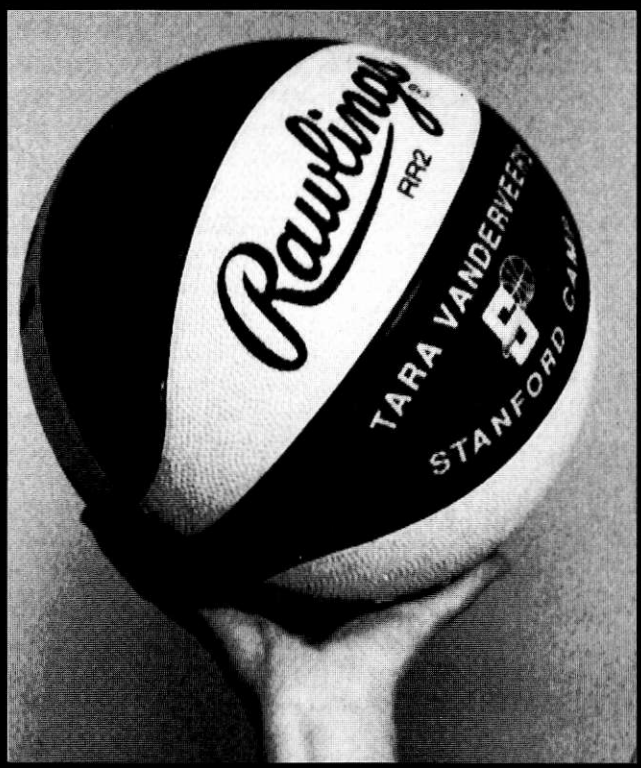
# TARA VANDERVEER'S ALL-FEMALE BASKETBALL FANTASY CAMP




BY ROXXIE

IMAGINE THIS:

THERE'S A U.S. PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S BASKETBALL LEAGUE, AND YOU GET TO TRAIN WITH THE PROS FOR A WEEKEND.

A FANTASY? WHY NOT? THERE'S PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S BASKETBALL IN EUROPE AND JAPAN.

COULDN'T WE, THE GRANDMOTHER OF ALL BASKETBALL ACTION, GET WHAT THEY HAVE OVERSEAS?

The attempted U.S. women's pro basketball league of 1980 folded after a year, was revived again in 1984, only to fold again. Yet men's basketball's been extremely popular. Jane Schroeder, former University of Illinois women's basketball coach thinks the men's game of basketball may not even be the best. Although men have the height and strength advantage over women, women play with more finesse. Schroeder says, "It's like comparing the flyweights with the heavyweights, and they are very different."

Yet college women's basketball, a fantastically exciting sport, has grown in popularity to a point where some women's teams, like Stanford's, outdraw the men's. Schroeder believes this level of collegiate success will pave the way for another women's professional basketball league.

Now image this: some of the finest collegiate women's coaches in the country, and you get to train with them for the weekend. It's star Stanford women's basketball 1992 NCAA winning coach Tara Vanderveer's "Wanna Be" Camp, for adult women basketball-o-philes of all skill levels. All that's required are socks, a note from your doctor, and gym shoes. "No experience necessary! Get a great Workout!" the camp flyer promises. "We suggest you wear two pairs of socks at all times to prevent blisters." What adventurous athletic woman could turn down a chance like this?

*THIS SUMMER TARA VANDERVEER WILL COACH THE U.S. WOMEN'S NATIONAL BASKETBALL TEAM.*

**FRIDAY, APRIL 30TH, 6:45**
**MAPLES PAVILION, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.**

I walk into a stadium filled with T-shirted women shooting baskets. I get my own ball, and a Stanford "Wanna Be" camper T-shirt. The ball is glorious, new, and it bounces really high. It says, "Tara Vanderveer's Basketball Camp," in large letters under the Rawlings® brand name. The assistant coach writes my name in big letters on my ball. My first ever personalized basketball, it has the 1992 NCAA winning coach's name on it, and she's a she. This

is really fine.

I put on my all leather Nike high tops, hoping that this time they won't stink too noticeably at the end of the day. I change clothes and dribble onto the court, toting my little reporter notebook, hoping I don't look like too much of a nerd. After a while Coach Vanderveer gathers us into the center of the stadium for a welcome.

"The biggest two problems with our summertime girl campers, " Vanderveer warns, "is keeping them under the curfew, and the boy football campers. I can see that won't be the problem here. Our biggest problem here will be not wearing any jewelry."

We "wanna be" campers laugh. Coach continues, "The purpose of our camp here is to help you to develop an inside appreciation for the sport when you're watching basketball — and of course you all watch Stanford, right?

I've always watched Cal, but I've got an open mind.

"We have great trainer, and I hope you don't need her. Remember, this camp is about a three letter word called FUN. Be sure and start out slow, we want you to make it through the three days. You may be sore after this weekend."

A friendly-looking camper on the other side of the room is wearing a "Please Don't Hurt Me" T-shirt. I realize I'm smaller than most women here. I wish I was wearing that shirt too.

Coach Vanderveer and her staff take us through a basketball crash course. We attend lectures on basic offense, basic defense, and watch B-ball movies. Different coaches work with us each session. The all-star coaching line-up includes former Cal star Carolyn Jenkins, former Ohio State University stars Amy Tucker and Julie Plank and former University of Illinois/Champaign women's basketball coach Jane Schroeder.

We learn the friendly way to describe basketball's full body blocks, used to block a teammate's defender momentarily so your teammate can shoot, is called "setting a screen." Setting a screen is physically demanding — you cover your breasts with your arms crossed, while the opposing screened player literally bounces off you.

We also learned the essential concept of the "Triple Threat" — your options each time you get the ball. When the ball is passed to you, square yourself towards the hoop as if you could float the pretty ball right in, and then you have the following three choices: Shoot, Drive (another term for dribble), or Pass.

## LATER FRIDAY NIGHT.

Basic shooting drills lead to a game. Stanford Assistant Coach Carolyn Jenkins, known as CJ, formerly an awesome UC Berkeley player, instructs us. When CJ graduated from Berkeley with four years of college B-Ball and an economics degree under her belt, she spent a year working as a financial analyst. "But I missed the sport," she explains. CJ's been coaching at Stanford for two years now, and says, "I'll probably stay with the game the rest of my life."

I ask CJ how her Cal friends reacted to her Stanford job. She answers, "I got teased when I went to work at Stanford, but it was all very friendly."

*When the ball is passed to you, square yourself towards the hoop as if you could float the pretty ball right in, and then you Shoot, Drive or Pass.*

Is friendly the word to describe a sports department who's 800 line ticket number is 1-800-BEATCAL? At least it's memorable.

CJ talks strategy in our pre-game huddle. She tells us to pass to the wing, and screen. "OK," CJ says, "This is my team, the Cal team." Everybody laughs.

"Is this a lifetime assignment?" asks a die-hard Stanford Fan. Another pleads, "I want to transfer to Kansas."

The fantasy camp was only advertised to Stanford Women's Basketball game-goers. My friend Norma, who told me about the camp, attends Stanford women's games with a fervor. There aren't other adult female fantasy basketball camps in the Bay Area, but some highly successful women's college programs in the country have offered them for their fans. Coach Vanderveer explained earlier, "Really this camp is for the over thirty crowd who never got to go to sports camps. This is to help them develop an appreciation for the game by learning about it from the inside."

Yet a zealous camper explained, "The fans were begging for this."

There is some wild fan/sport chemistry going on at Stanford. The women's basketball program has grown from Vanderveer's early days at Stanford, where only 30 people would attend the games, to today's sell-out games — complete with a set of women fans of all ages and skill levels begging for a chance to play themselves.

Norma's a camper, too — she played college basketball at Loyola Marymount University in the late '70s. Norma and I laugh at how we miss-run the screen plays, and she says, "I still can't get all this screen stuff down. In the old days they just taught us the fundamentals of basketball, not all this screen stuff."

I ask, "The fundamentals?"

She replies with a serious look on her face, "Our team fundamentals in the late '70s — Where can we find a woman coach, and how can we get uniforms and shoes."

Norma and I both spent our childhoods playing neighborhood sports alongside boys. We both remember the painful age of heartbreak that athletic girls reach, perhaps nine, or ten, or eleven, when you realize although

you play sports with boys, you are not a boy, and boys have more athletic opportunities available. We'd always get the leftover weird times to practice in the gyms, baseball diamonds, swimming pools, because boy's teams always had priority. My high school hired girl's swimming coaches who knew nothing about swimming — after a while I fled to practice with boy's teams . Norma and I both remember being sporting second class citizens in high school and in college.

### SATURDAY MORNING. BEFORE MUSCLE-SORENESS CREEPS IN.

Late in the season, the varnish starts to wear off the shiny wood floors. Varnish or no, I am slipping all over the floor in my thrashed Nikes, hoping that my double pair of socks will absorb the foot odor all leather high tops create. The leather holds so much moisture in, it doesn't let your feet breathe. I decide not to take my shoes off around other people.

The 40 or so "Wanna Be" campers are a wide range of ages, but all over 19. One woman on my camp team played college basketball in 1967. "I'm reliving my college years," she tells me. She's got a knack for shooting the ball in the hoop. She's a Fast Break Club member, the Stanford Booster Club.

*The coaches call out instructions to us, and after a while they sound like a mantra, "Pass to the wing, screen away. Pass to the wing, screen away."*

The coaches call out instructions to us, and after a while they sound like a mantra, "Pass to the wing, screen away. Pass to the wing, screen away."

Campers watch Coach Vanderveer with reverence. They wait in turn to go up and talk to her. She pops onto the floor to play in a game against my team, the Cal team. She's still wearing her watch. It's OK, watches aren't jewelry anyway and she's Tara Vanderveer, and she's brought women's basketball at Stanford out of the dark ages.

She believed that women's basketball could be something someday and so she's created the what would have been unbelievable ten years ago — a women's game so exciting they get more fans than the men's team does. She's very supportive and nice when she plays.

When we play offense, and the other team screens us, I notice painfully how small I have become. The last organized basketball I played was high school intramural, when other arms didn't reach as high, the weight of a body crashing into mine didn't hurt as much. Back then I had a knack for getting the ball to the rim of the basket, where it would do a little circular dance, and spill out, not in. I missed most of my shots.

My brother's best friend in high school, an amiable but wild fellow named John, loved basketball, and would spend hours as the shot-doctor, trying to fix my funky shots.

"Not the right arc on the shot," he'd tell me, "You've got too much spin on that ball." Eventually, I learned John's two best two fakes, a reverse spinning turnaround jump shot and a jump backwards and shoot in the air shot. These shots improved my game, but we didn't get a girl's basketball team at my high school until my junior year. By then I was short, and a confirmed swimmer. I left the sport of basketball with memories of pimples, and missing shots under pressure.

It didn't surprise me that I still missed shots, and my rusty, 16-years-out-of-practice fakes had become comical. But when my 32-year-old, sweaty basketball camper face started to break out again, I had to wonder what basketball did to me.

### SUNDAY, A.M. THE MUSCLE SORENESS ARRIVES.

I'd asked coach CJ if this weekend intensive could prepare me to go out and join a men's basketball pickup game on any playground. Before she could answer me, a wanna-be camper pipes in, "Who would want to join into a men's pickup game?"

Who has the time to arrange segregated sports pickup games? If I really want to play, I take what is available. I just hope my body's not too old for the sport. Muscles I didn't remember having are complaining to me. My hands are covered with weekend warrior basketball calluses. My neck hurts.

I'm privileged to have played alongside Tara Vanderveer, Amy Tucker, Julie Plank, Jane Schroeder, and all the rest. In another day it will be worth all the stiff muscles. Now I know about screens. I wish I could go back to my childhood playground where I played alongside the boys, and out-play them with my new found, all-female, basketball camp knowledge. Can we have more fantasy camps for women in other sports too, please?

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# ALL DINAH SHORE GOLF
## (Lotso Hot Lesbo Action!!)

*written by the Roxxie, photos by Ted Soqui*

WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT I, a non-golf fan, was going to the Dinah Shore Golf Tournament in Rancho Mirage, Palm Spring's neighbor, California, I called my friend Norma, a southern California golfing expatriate, and asked what people wore to such occasions. The Nabisco Dinah Shore Golf Tournament is reputed to attract the largest lesbian gathering in the known universe. Southern California lesbians, who are among the most likely to attend this event, are rumored to have more glamorous dress codes than the rest of the country. Is it caused by the Hollywood effect? People even say straight men wear make-up in Los Angeles. I didn't want to be inappropriately dressed at the ultimate lesbian cruise-a-thon and golf watcher's delight. Norma told me, "You've got to wear Izod Lacoste Polo Shirts."

I was mortified. I shrieked.

She counter offered, "Okay, you can wear a button-down short sleeve plaid."

I said, "I'm not wearing plaid! I wore too much in the seventies."

"But plaid is the meat and potatoes of golf! Well, I guess a solid shirt will do. But, be sure and wear white tennis shoes, and no cut-off jean shorts."

She was right about the white tennis shoes, but I still couldn't bring myself to do it. I wore black soccer flats, designed for Astroturf, with mismatched shoelaces — one black and one white. I stood out. The only other pair of black tennies I even saw was on a journalist wearing an Izod Lacoste polo. Hairspray was everywhere, fancy clothes, expensive sunglasses, visors with golf equipment names on them. People wore saddle shoes and gold watches. Most of the golf fans were white. Although some people of color watched the tournament, most of the professional golfers were white, too.

Golf fans are no different than other fans, they dress like their pro-golf idols. Baseball fans wear baseball caps, and carry their gloves in hope to catch a fly ball. Rock and roll fans dress like their favorite musicians. k. d. Lang fans have been kidding about being Lawrence Welk fans since k. d's tour last summer when she publicly announced, "I have something important to tell you. I'm a (what followed was the longest running letter l sound musically possible in the history of the American musical stage) (just long enough to think she's about to say lesbian, when she finally says ...) Lawrence Welk Fan."

Lawrence Welk isn't cool, and never was. Is k. d. lang cool? She lost me eternally with that embarrassing confession.

Is the sport of golf cool? I've never been drawn to it, however, the National Golf Foundation says that 11.2 percent of all U. S. residents play golf. Some of them must be pretty hip.

Yet there is some discouraging news: On the back of the Nabisco Dinah Shore tickets are coupons for a play one round, second round free, at Lawrence Welk's Desert Oasis Club. Was this some pre-arranged deal between k.d. and the Welkies? Scary.

Is there some master plan out there to schmaltz-ize modern lesbians?

Like any other reporter going to a major athletic tournament, I applied for a press pass. But Donna Hahn of Hahn Communications, the public relations office handling press passes to this event, turned down my application. Donna Hahn told my editor that the thought of a lifestyle piece on the Dinah Shore Tournament made her feel uncomfortable.

I called the Nabisco Public Relations office in New Jersey. Had my reputation as an irreverently queer sporting journalist preceded me? Why wouldn't they want *GIRLJOCK* at a Golf Tournament? P.R. Man Mike Falcowitz suggested, "You aren't exactly popular with big corporations because sometimes you're cynical about corporations, and besides, you haven't given me a free subscription yet." He sent me tournament directory, saying it was almost as good as a press pass. "It's got all the right phone numbers in it," he consoled.

*There were 32 parties for women, some naughtier than others, like the Whipped Cream Wrestling Contest at Daddy Warbucks*

With no press pass in sight, I decided to attend the weekend undercover as a golf fan. That way, I figured, more people would feel comfortable speaking with me. I knew it meant making fashion compromises. I'd forgo Silence = Death T shirts, Doc Marten boots, and my black leather motorcycle jacket. I left the welder/skier form follows function thick sunglasses at home. I bought cheapo designer shorts and short sleeve blouses at a discount store. For more visual normalcy, I lathered my jet-black extra-curly leg hair with women's shaving creme and mowed it down. I wanted to fit in.

Friday morning I flew into Southern California with a friend. We picked up a rental car to drive to Palm Springs and the long haired pretty rental car lady offered us a special rate. She'd spotted us as other "women in the know," and without saying the word lesbian, queer, or homosexual, she told us she was going to Palm Springs, too. She gave us a red T-Bird, and told us which bar she'd be at for drinks at 5:00 p.m.

She said, "I'm off work in a few minutes."

I offered her a ride with us.

"I wouldn't ride in that piece of shit," she said, "I've got a brand new BMW waiting for me."

When we drove into the mythic city for fleeing movie stars, wealthy retirees, and golf addicts, my friend and I counted 18 lesbians on the streets. They wore athletic outfits with white tennis shoes. My friend commented, "The lesbians all look like they are out of the movie *Personal Best*." The downtown Palm Springs area looked like a city from the '50s. Golf and Tennis stores were as common as casinos in Vegas. I stopped for gas and directions to the golf tournament. The gas station attendant was an avid golfer himself (there are 25 public Golf courses in the Palm Springs area). As he explained, "If you live here either

you play golf or you don't do nothin'."

We headed for the Riviera Hotel, the legendary heart and soul of the Dinah Shore lesbian party scene. A special table at the front offered free copies of *OUT* Magazine, and the *Lesbian News*, which had the scoop on all the lesbian parties during Dinah Shore Weekend.

The lounge area was crawling with lesbians. There were 32 parties for women, some naughtier than others, like the Whipped Cream Wrestling Contest at Daddy Warbucks, a local gay bar; a Bra Contest at the Desert Pals Inn; and the Jaegermeister poster models autographing their posters at the Riviera's poolside.

The Riviera lesbian cruising was so intense I wondered how the women could walk through the hotel without tripping over furniture.

In the hotel lounge, I asked some Los Angeles women about the scene. "People come here," said one, "to socialize and make a show of their unity. Look, this hotel lounge is like a women's bar, I mean, there's diversity here."

"Diversity?" I said.

"You know, economic diversity, and multicultural."

After a quick glance around I saw one black couple out of about a hundred women.

The Hotel bell captain told me the lesbians were good tippers.

Dinnertime. We headed for Sizzler, which was filled to the brim with locals, tourists, and lesbians. Cute lesbian after cute lesbian. Bodies to die for. The salad bar looked OK.

As we left, a man sitting at a table asked his wife, "Did you hear what the table next door to us was talking about?" His wife answered in a loud tone, "Yes I did, Strap-ons." The word strap-on echoed throughout the restaurant. My traveling friend and I ran outside and burst into laughter.

*"Half the women never go to the golf. They are too hung over. When we get back to the hotel, our friends ask, 'Who won the tournament?' so they can go home and make it sound like they were there."*

Big names get booked for Dinah Shore Weekend lesbian parties. Two years ago, Grace Jones performed; this year, Deborah Cooper of C & C Music Factory, Sabrina Johnston, and Kim Syms performed. The lesbian event promoters promised huge crowds. Posters advertised romps like the "Night of 3,000 Women." I was dubious about those figures until I walked into the sea of women at the Palm Springs Convention Center comedy program called "Funny Girlz," starring Ellen DeGeneris, Kate Clinton, and Lynda Montgomery. I'd never seen Ellen DeGeneris before, so I went up closer for a look. She's hilarious, adorable, and from New Orleans.

I asked her if she liked golf.

"My mother wanted me to be a pro golfer," said DeGeneris, "In high school I played golf out of desperation because you can do it by yourself. After I had friends, I didn't need to do it. I used to imagine walking on the golf course and waving to all the people. Little did I know that I would end up with a career in comedy, waving to all the people."

The next morning I drove to Mission Hills Country Club for the tournament. I'd dressed in my golf fan outfit to check out the action. Walking into the Country Club grounds, I asked a group of Southern California lesbians, "Do many women actually came to watch the golf?"

Their estimation — "Half the women never even go to the golf. They are too hung over. When we get back to the hotel, our friends will ask, 'Who won the tournament?' so they can go home and make it sound like they were there."

"We just came to look at the women," said Susan, an engineer from San Diego attending the golf tournament, who declined to give her last name.

When I reached the Old Course, a tough course, the crowds were full of golf fans, senior citizens, Mission Hills Country Club members who looked down their noses at people who weren't wearing a member badge, and lesbians. Lots of lesbians. The sun was hot and I was drenched in sunscreen and sweat, wishing for an espresso, admiring the accuracy of the pros and the politeness of the crowd.

Golf spectating is for people who follow rules. Tournament officials hold up their hands while players hit the ball as a sign to be quiet. The silence when a player hits is almost eerie. The port-a-potties even have signs saying "Do Not Slam The Door." After the shot is made, the officials hands fall, the crowd reacts as a group with a sigh or with applause, depending where the ball goes.

There's no catcalling in golf. The only fan/player weirdness occurred after a player stormed off in a huff, after finishing her 18 holes.

Her caddie warned off a fan who wanted to speak with her. "I wouldn't try and speak with her if I were you. She's had a really bad day, and she can get very mean sometimes." The caddies' outfits made them look like they were on the road crews at the Indianapolis 500.

An older male spectator, a Canadian tourist, took a minute to tell me why he thought women's golf was so popular. He said, "Aside from being a sexist thing, you don't want to see your daughter or girlfriend battered across a hockey rink or a basketball court."

I like watching women's basketball. I love women's hockey. I grew up watching Roller Derby. Big women wearing fancy clothes, hitting little balls around a beautiful course, flanked by picturesque mountains is another matter.

Though I golfed in high school gym class, it always seemed so sedate, a sport where everyone had to behave. I liked sports where you run a lot and get really winded and sweaty, like soccer. I've always believed that sports gave people a chance to work out their violent frustrations, providing a regular calmative for one's animalistic inner self. Yet my soccer buddies all know that when we are senior citizens, we'll either be playing golf, or the world's slowest game of soccer. Several of us made a pact to learn golf now so we're ready for our later years, sort of a sporting pension plan.

That evening I went back to the Riviera for Monte Carlo Madness. Three lesbian party producers, Mariah Hanson from San Francisco's Girl Spot, Robin Gans and Sandy Sachs from Los Angeles' Girl Bar teamed up to produce a weekend long series of events, and Monte Carlo Madness was the second. I took Ted Soqui, a photographer. Hiram Walker employees greeted us on the way in. Hiram Walker and Jaegermeister had both sponsored the Hanson/Gans/Sachs events. This year was the first time two major corporations displayed an interest in the lesbian events.

*"I don't know how many lesbians attend, I also don't know how many Republicans attend. We don't check sexual preference at the door."*

Monte Carlo Madness was full of thousands of women looking like they just stepped out of *Glamour* or *Elle* magazine. A sea of beauties, a laser light show, and go-go dancers.

There were so many other parties we couldn't even get to. We dropped in at a Bra Contest minutes after it ended, missed the Boot-skootin' Boogie Time, and didn't have time to go the Outrageous Women in Uniform Party. Thirty two parties is a lot.

Some lesbian party producers told me the tournament producers wouldn't connect themselves with any lesbian events, so I called the Nabisco Dinah Shore Tournament office to see what they thought of the lesbian party scene. Director Mike Galeski insisted, "Whatever else is going on in town is in no way connected to the golf tournament."

He followed with a lesbian anecdote. "One time a man at a Palm Springs service club asked me 'What are you going to do with all the lesbians that attend your tournament?'"

Galeski responded, "I don't know how many lesbians attend, I also don't know how many Republicans attend. We don't check sexual preference at the door. We just showcase the best women's golf in the world."

As I pondered that response, I thought back to something Kate Clinton had said to me the night before. I'd asked her, "Do you think any professional women golfers will ever come out?"

Clinton responded by asking me, "Do we

really want queers in golf?"

Golf is a stronghold of mainstream-to-Ivy League America, the sport of those with lots of free time, the '50s suburban American dream sport. Why are so many lesbians today drawn to it? Ten years ago the biggest lesbian event in the world was the Michigan Women's Music Festival, a lesbian separatist, camping, nudity-positive queer Woodstock, an attempt to create new lesbian realities. If you shaved your legs to go to Michigan, you'd be harassed. Today, if you go to the Dinah Shore with extremely hairy legs, people either think you are European, crossdressing as a man, or a feminist extremist.

This new hotel-and-affluence culture is a retro opposite of the hirsute, vegetarian, camping lesbian music festival. Separatists, bulldykes, lesbian activists, and extremists have widened the ranges and possibilities of lesbian culture enough to allow for this flood of lesbians into the mainstream. Does the new mainstream American lesbian culture still welcome the freaks, the mannish, the political lesbians, the bulldykes? I kept looking for lesbo-identification marks at the Dinah Shore — out of thousands, I saw only two politely disguised gay T-shirts; everyone else wore nice clothes. Today's Dinah Shore lesbians are going after the American dream: vacations, beauty, alcohol, nice hotels, hot dogs, golf, money, Hollywood entertainers, party-party.

The Dinah Shore is such the American thing, that even Marines are in on it.

As I walked into the last day of the tournament, I met Rob Maruschak, a volunteer scorekeeper and a Marine from Twenty Nine Palms, a local military base. I asked him what he thought about working at a Tournament with so many lesbians, or, had he noticed the lesbians?

His answer, "No Comment. We go with whatever our Commander-in-Chief says."

During the closing rounds of the final day, thousands upon thousands followed leaders Helen Alfredsson, Betsy King, and Dawn Coe-Jones, from hole to hole. I immediately liked Alfredsson because she was big and strong, she could really move the ball around the picturesque course, she had the most uncannily accurate long shots, and the coolest shorts of anyone at the tournament, including the fans. Her shorts had a goofy looking flower pattern on them.

*"I played golf out of desperation, ...you can do it by yourself. After I had friends, I didn't need to do it."*

King and Coe-Jones were both great players, but Alfredsson dominated the last nine holes. The others couldn't catch her, they'd get close, then mess up. Alfredsson stayed ahead. She had the edge.

Alfredsson showed more emotion towards the ball when she was playing than the other players did. "Dang," she'd yell at the ball, "What are you doing?" Once she even kicked the ground. I loved it. She'd even jump for joy when she made a great putt. She was an exciting athlete to watch. She'd make the little ball fly around the trees. She'd land the ball on the greens with amazing backspin. The crowd oohed and aahed for her. When she won, she hugged her caddie. I clapped as hard as I could, and everyone else did too.

After she received her trophy from the legendary women's golf backer Dinah Shore, she was escorted to the Press Tent, but ran off to hug Amy Alcott, last year's winner, on the way. Since I couldn't go to the press conference, I decided to approach Alcott. It was easy because I looked like a golf fan. After she found out I was a reporter, she was happy to speak with me. Alcott was very happy for Alfredsson. She said, "She's my best friend on the tour!"

When Amy Alcott won last year, she jumped into the lake around the 18th hole. I asked Amy, "If you would have won again, would you have jumped in the lake again?"

"Yes," she answered, "I thought Helen might do it after she won."

It was more exciting to watch the women golfers than I had expected. After the tournament, I put a soccer sweatshirt over my flowered short sleeve golf-fan blouse and headed back to the Riviera Lounge, hoping to catch a little more of the Lesbian Dinah Shore action. I saw a woman in a LPGA emblem jersey who was suntanned and bronzed and dressed like a golfer. I offered to trade her my ultimately cool soccer jersey for her LPGA emblem jersey. Somehow I felt I had been won over to the excitement of women's golf.

She said she couldn't part with her jersey, she was an LPGA professional golfer, and her jersey represented too much to her. She then gave me a brief interview on the dilemmas of the women's pro golf scene, sexism in golf, how hard it was to be a lesbian on the tour, and how hard it was to be a woman. By then I realized that she was drunk. After she started to repeat herself, I, like a good reporter, knew it was time to wrap it up.

Later that night her friends told me she wasn't a real professional golfer. I called the LPGA to verify this the next day.

After I got over the embarrassment of being taken for a sociopathic ride, I realized that it was only fair, right? I'd tried to pass as a golf fan.

*—An earlier version of this article and some of the photos appeared in the* Village Voice.

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*GIRLJOCK Taste Testers (left to right) Laura Miller, Jodi Fechner and Kathleen Bonnet smile for the camera with powerstuff in hand.*

**Workout videos are my beat,**

**but I can't say I was sorry when our editrix,**

**Roxxie, suggested a change.**

**I was trembling on the brink,**

**contemplating a foray into the dark continent**

**of the Richard Simmons weight loss**

**subculture (realm of late night infomercials,**

**Bill Haley aerobics and the morbidly obese)**

**when the call came.**

*written by Laura Miller*
*photography by Phyllis Christopher*

"Wanna do a review of those sports candy bars? We can get a couple of people together, do a taste test and then see if any of them make us want to exercise!"

"Listen Roxxie, I can do a taste test, but not even three double lattes can make me want to exercise."

Later that week a brave handful of women gathered in a Mission District cafe to face one of the greatest challenges of their lives; eating at least a small amount of 13 different "energy bars." Our adventuresses included soccer stars Kathleen Bonnet and Jodi Fechner, militantly sedentary photographer Phyllis Christopher, a karate practitioner who insisted on being referred to only as "Natalia," our editrix and yours slothfully.

The playing field was far from level. Roxxie rashly spoiled her metabolism on a cinnamon raisin bagel while Phyllis announced that she had "fasted for hours beforehand." I elected to begin with the least appealing looking item and slowly work up to the most appetizing. It was going to be a long night, and even the waitress paled when she realized what we proposed to do.

By the end of the evening more than one of us was making a face like a cat coughing up a hairball, and there was a grisly pile of sticky brownish energy bar fragments at one end of the table. Someone had done something unsavory to a baguette with another scrap. No one was happy. But we had our results, and here they are:

Spirutein High Protein Energy Meal (1.4 oz., 159 calories): Only hubris could dub this fairly typical specimen a "meal." Like most of the bars, its initial flavor is innocu-

# LOOKING FOR MS. GOODBAR

## Girljock's Powerbar Taste Test

ous, but a gustatory downturn soon sets in. Our tasters' comments: "Smells like instant breakfast or chocolate covered vitamins." "Good, but a little gritty." "Sweetly cardboard." "Horrible." "It makes me want to run — to the bathroom."

Twin Lab Ultra Fuel High Energy Sports Bar (4.87 oz., 490 calories): Roxxie suggested that 100 curls with this hefty entry would whip any girljock into shape. Inexplicably mammoth and excessively named, the TLUFHESB comes in a package that reminded Jodi of hair dye: "It doesn't look like a food." Other remarks: "Looks like 20-year-old baby food." "Taffylike and flavorless. Sort of like caulking." "You can use it to fix your shoes. It has a bad aftertaste that kicks in later. Really bad." Kathleen suggested sending a box to the other team. "They'd die before the game."

Stoker High Performance Energy Bar (2.6 oz. 252 cal.): This item, while pronounced "grainy looking," proved to be popular with the more hardcore athletes. Some of us liked its dude-alacious name, while others approved of the "sexy, androgynous" figure on the package. Jodi found it "gives you some room to chew." The Stoker gave Roxxie "a feeling of hope" for some reason; she took a second bite and claimed to "feel like jumping." Others dubbed it "Paste made with sawdust."

Bee Pollen Sunrise (1.5 oz., no nutritional info): Feelings ran high on this, the hippie entry. "Tastes like athlete's foot powder," said Jodi, while Roxxie shrieked "Bummer!" afterwards elaborating, "That was a bad experience." "They fool you. The aftertaste hits like a ton of bricks like a bee sting!" quoth Kathleen. Phyllis kind of liked it.

Hoffman's Energy Bar Club Sandwich (2 oz. 296 cal.): "This isn't an energy bar; it's a s'more," announced Roxxie of this graham cracker-based item. Nevertheless, she said it made her feel like "dancing really fast." Phyllis declared Hoffman's her "favorite so far," while Kathleen dismissed it as "a crowd pleaser, a candy, not a health bar."

Tiger Milk Bars, Peanut Butter and Honey and "Protein" Flavor (1.25 oz., 160 cal.): This bar sparked unsettling ruminations on what "protein flavor" could be. "Oh no, this one tastes vitaminy!" warned Roxxie, although Jodi disagreed. "Ever eaten a tire?" Kathleen queried. The peanut butter and honey flavor was even less popular; Roxxie spit it out, proclaiming it a "nightmare." Tiger Milk bars remind me of old-fashioned health food stores, the kind that never seemed to have any food in them, just shelves and shelves of bottles, pills and powders. It tastes like it belongs there, too.

Power Bar: Apple Cinnamon, Wild Berry, Malt Nut and Chocolate flavors (all 2.25 oz and 225 cal.): Power Bars turned out to be a product some of our panelists consume regularly. Kathleen in particular was prone to

*Our author in her most powerful and frequently imitated candy bar sampling stance.*

discussing their merits and proper usage at length. She was elated by the appearance of the new Apple Cinnamon bar since "We've had to suffer with just three flavors," and declared the new product "yummy and crunchy." A schism appeared when Roxxie spit out a sample of the same bar, exclaiming "BAD!" The Wild Berry flavor was likened, visually, to raw meat. Natalia, who had abandoned the taste test in favor of falafel, did deign to sample this one, which she said "tastes like the smell of fish bait." The Malt Nut was Roxxie's favorite, while the Chocolate reminded us of chocolate oat bran spackle. "They've got to get over this oat bran thing," said Roxxie. She then informed us that eating two Power Bars in a row "really speeds up the digestive process."

Nectar Nugget Peanut Butter Crunch (1.12 oz, 120 cal.): "This is not for sports," Kathleen said scornfully, but her objections were drowned out by exclamations of "This is goooood" and "Wait, don't take the whole thing!" Essentially a "health food" version of a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup, the Nectar Nugget hardly qualified as a full-fledged energy bar, but most of us were too eager to replace the synthetic aftertastes in our mouths with something resembling real food to complain.

Panda All Natural Licorice Bar (1 1/8 oz, 110 cal.): Another ought-to-have-been-disqualified contender, this entry got preferential treatment from Roxxie, a fan. "Happy, happy, happy," she beamed. "It makes me feel like doing push-ups!" Others pronounced it "an excellent antidote."

*Jodi Fechner ponders the powergoo pasted to her finger.*

Of the "real energy bars," Kathleen and Jodi both came out in favor of the Stoker for its "zest of oatmeal" and easy-to-open package. Jodi finds it "looser than the Power Bars. You don't feel like a big glob's going down." However, the Apple Cinnamon Power Bar still brings Kathleen "fond memories of childhood when I'd eat one and go out and kick someone's butt." (Perhaps they add testosterone to that one?)

*By the end of the evening more than one of us was making a face like a cat coughing up a hairball, and there was a grisly pile of sticky brownish energy bar fragments at one end of the table*

Roxxie liked the taste of the licorice the best, but when she needs that pre-game "extra reserve of energy to stay competitive with the younger, faster editions," she'll stick with the Malt Nut Power Bar, her current regular.

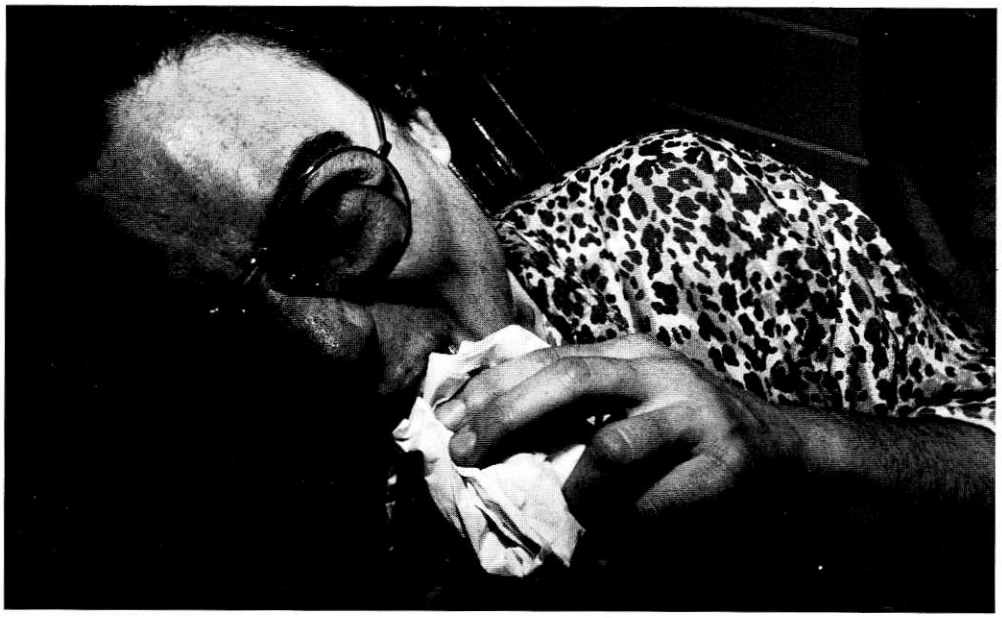
Natalia announced that she "used to do Power Bars when I was a jock," but remained reticent when asked if they worked. "It felt like the right thing to do," she said with characteristic inscrutability.

"They all taste bad," insisted Phyllis. "Everything that's good for you tastes bad, and I don't exercise. I still don't see why it's necessary to eat these things." That said, Ms. Christopher was the only panelist who could find anything positive in the Bee Pollen bar, or "foot power bar," as Jodi dubbed it.

As a sloth, I speak for the whole community when I question the Eurocentric impulse behind these so-called "energy bars." There's something wrong with the values of a society where people eat to exercise rather than exercise to eat. Many people don't realize that energy bars didn't even exist in Native American cultures — and we all know that they did everything right. Perhaps it's time to rethink some of our basic assumptions about food and exercise in America.

Pass the rigatoni.

*The Roxx hacks a hairball.*



# Lesbians Wannasee Movies:

# THREE OF HEARTS BROKE MINE

*by Maria Vetrano*

THIS MOVIE IS NOT THE "Desert Hearts" of 1993. It is not the lesbian romance we've all been waiting for. I know that's what you're thinking, so just stop it right now. Yurek Bogoyevicz's "Three of Hearts," from New Line Cinemas, which has brought us such eclectic films as *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Nightmare on Elm Street*, *My Own Private Idaho*, is a product of someone's market research on 20-35 year old filmgoers. Film promos claim it's "just your average girl meets girl, girl loses girl, girl hires boy to get girl back story — with a twist."

It's really a story about gorgeous William Baldwin attracting straight women and gay men; pretty, petite Sherylin Fenn attracting straight men; and emotionally wild, physically striking Kelly Lynch grabbing empathy and hot flashes from the lesbian crowd. Only the marketing types made grave miscalculations about the lesbian market.

And why is that? What do lesbian moviegoers really want? Are we ever happy with our depictions on the large screen?

I think we want true romance, the stuff of which fairy tales are made. We want to see movie plots with, "Girl meets girl at softball game. Girls fall madly in love, get married, register at Crate and Barrel, and have a big non-denominational wedding. Both girls parents are very supportive, and in attendance. Girls then move to Northampton, Mass. One or both relocate to make this possible.

One starts a small business while the other resumes her career as a prolific writer of mysteries. Soon somebody gets pregnant through Artificial Insemination, she has a baby girl named Ariel, and together the happy couple raise her in a caring environment, free from sexism, racism, ageism, and homophobia. At some point, they go on a vacation to Walt Disney World, where they receive an official family discount."

But no, what do we get instead?

*Fried Green Tomatoes*, where the clearly, clearly lesbian love story of Idgie and Ruth is purposefully clouded with heterosexual innuendo. Tomatoes author Fannie Flagg, you sold us out in a big way.

*Basic Instinct*, I never saw, it sounded bad.

*A League of their Own*, did you see all the grey haired softball dykes at the end of the movie, gathered for a reunion of the "All American Girl's Baseball League?" Where were they during the rest of the movie? Surely, Lori Petty or Rosie O'Donnell could have played lesbian characters — even one, I'd settle for a compromise.

I don't mean to whine about it, really. Perhaps if your psyche is prepared in advance for a plot you don't like, you'll sit back and enjoy the flick. So here you go: Kelly Lynch's Connie, a leather-jacketed, free spirited, 100% official-nurse-lesbian, is truly wonderful, and is my favorite character, by far. It's ok if she's a tad obsessive after losing her ultra femmy Vivian Leigh-like girlfriend Ellen (Sherilyn Fenn) to her quest for self discovery. Lynch is made for this role, and she seems so natural to it. Very natural. Lynch herself describes the character of Connie as "almost an every woman. She's funny, strong — a real survivor. She's someone I'd like to know in the world," Well moi aussi. Lynch easily translates her affection for Connie to celluloid, and she makes her the most sympathetic, empathic, and enduring character of the film.

Don't say I didn't warn you when you blithely march off to see "Three of Hearts." Take the stars out of your eyes, be sure to bring a light coat of armor. But do go and see it. It is an entertaining change from your average Schwartzenegger-Stallone-Gibson-Von Damme-Stone-Douglas-Cruise-Costner film.

Who knows? Next year we could get our favorite lesbo romance, nineties style. I can feel it now. Isabel Miller's "Patience and Sarah," starring Kelly Lynch and Catherine Deneuve. No wait. Karen Kemner and Nicole Kidman, Mary Stuart Masterson and Demi Moore... No, k.d. lang and Mary Louise Parker ... or Lynda Carter and Martina ... With Steven Spielberg directing, the casting is unimportant, it's sure to be right on target. I simply cannot wait.

## TRUE CONFESSIONS

And now we'll talk about something different for a change, Kelly Lynch. I never heard of Lynch before "Three of Hearts," but she's got some acting history. I could tell she was a model of sorts, because she is tres, tres thin. Too thin for a true girljock, at least for right now. But someday when some brawny babe challenges her to a tennis match and she falls madly in love, she'll put on some muscle. Or perhaps she'll fall in love with an Italian culinary genius who will ply her with alfredos and carbonaras for a while.

But enough food, we're talking about Kelly Lynch's other movies. She was great in *Drugstore Cowboy* with Matt Dillon. I never saw her three other mainstream movies, *Roadhouse* with Patrick Swayze, *Desperate Hours* with Mickey Rourke, and *Cocktail* with Tom Cruise. I couldn't bring myself to watch them.

I did see her in *Curly Sue*, which my sister's fourth grade class students liked a lot. It was pretty bad, but Lynch was great.

## Lesbians Want Grrl Grunge:

# WHEN ACOUSTIC GUITARS AREN'T ENOUGH!

## The New Grrlz Kick Butt

*by Annie Scherb*

IN A WORLD THAT CAN BE AS alienating as the lacy underwire bras in the Ladies Lingerie department at your local mall, finding Riot Grrlz are like finding Jockeys for Her. Grunge rock is all the rage and looking the part is half the fun. Being a social outcast is in and dressing up means dressing down. America's yuppie teens have traded in their khaki slacks and polo shirts in favor of far more practical flannel and Ben Davis work wear.

Now you can change your spark plugs and then go catch your favorite band without so much as washing your hands! Life is so special! It may be the year of the working class, but I have to admit, there's something pathetically unsettling about seeing so many sorority girls sporting shadow plaids. Maybe it's the way their nail polish always seems to match with the patterns, or maybe it's the contrast of the fuzzy fabric itself with their unmistakably absent eyebrows. Whatever the reason, I find it quite disturbing, not to mention what it has done to my gaydar!

From the midst of this trendy grunge scene emerges something with a whole lot more meaning than a fashion statement, Riot Grrlz. They're an organization of radical female activist musician types from Olympia, Washington — not far from the nation's grunge rock capitol, Seattle. Bands like Bratmobile, Tigertrap, and Bikini Kill are using rock as the medium for a brand new, brashy female sensibility. Their music is gutsy and the lyrics don't compromise or fall short of no holds barred telling it like it is.

The songs are about subjects like wife beating, child custody, incest, and the Riot Grrl term, "Girl Love." Although the Riot Grrlz have taken media heat regarding assumed middle class origins, I'd just like to ask: If they play honest gutsy from-the-heart (or hip) rock, who cares where they come from. Besides, middle class Grrls need to act up too. So check them out.

### STARS KILL ROCK, A COMPILATION

We know what you did. You know what you did. We have pictures of what you did. This compilation of underground Punk bands on an Olympia-based label is available on both CD, and limited-edition vinyl. The CD boasts "18 bands that don't want to be rock stars," and it's teeming with Riot Grrlz. If you opt for the vinyl, you'll also get a xeroxed listing of the participating bands, but don't expect to be able to actually read it. This is a low budget operation, and the insert has been cleverly designed to resemble a ransom note.

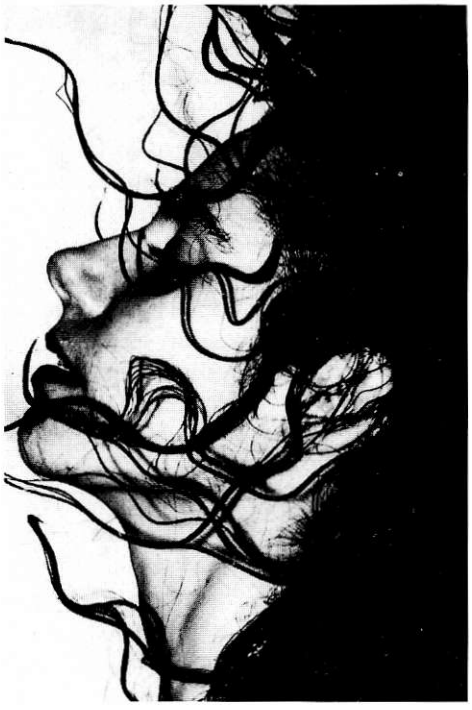
Tigertrap starts the line-up with the '60s garage-sounding female vocals called "Supreme Nothing," which is probably the most melodic piece on the album. Jackacid is another band that actually harmonizes. It's also more story-oriented than some of the other bands.

Then there's the screamin'-boys-thrash stuff by the bands Karp and Heroin. There's also Bumblescrump doing "White Out," an out-of-control-really-short-because-it's-so-damn-fast-song. Huggy Bear does a song with a weird static-distorted effect.

Then, smack in the middle of the album, Mary Lou Lord performs an amazing dreamy and touching acoustic number, a lament to a woman she's lost, called "Camden Town Rain." The Frumpies (great name for a band) and Cheesecake supply the hard-core-girl/shout-Babes- In-Toyland-thing, along with Calamity Jane, one of the hardest rocking girl bands around.

### RID OF ME, P. J. HARVEY

As in "You're not..." and this second album by the England-based band is here to prove it. The song of the same title starts the album almost tentatively, with the tormented plea, "I beg you my darling, don't leave me,



I'm hurting." But before you know what's happened, the band is walking up one side of you and down the other, while P. J. hurls promises that from anybody else could be dismissed as just threats. But with her, you know she's good for it.

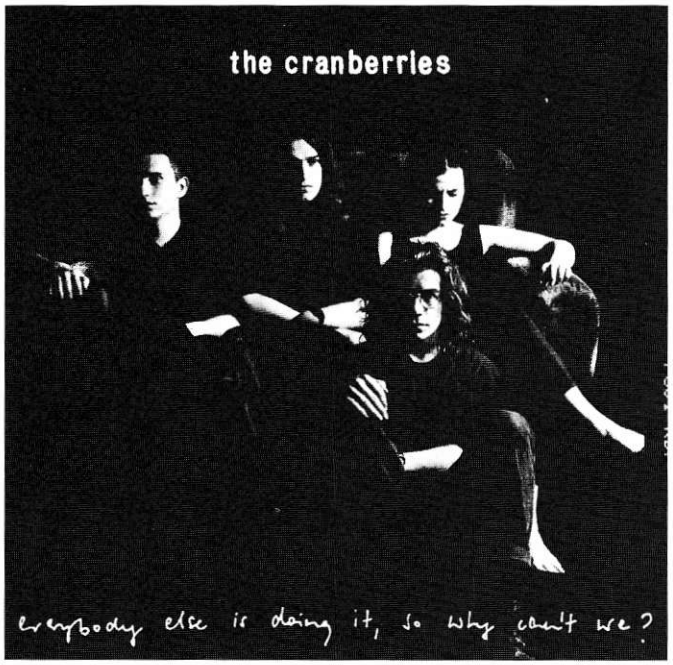
"Rub 'Til It Bleeds" is another hard rocker, which also deals with the album's reoccurring sexual theme. "Rub" has great percussions, and this time, a slow, steady build. "Man-Size Sextet" is a sleazy character sketch in which P. J. sounds like a tight-cheeked Brando, with a string arrangement — a psycho/crazy string arrangement. But this song's real clencher is its chilling finish. Drummer Robert Ellis and bassist Steve Vaughan don't just "back" Harvey, they form a single entity with her, cutting out and slamming back again.

But watch that volume knob, because what is quickly becoming P. J.'s trademark, seems to be exaggerated by Pixie's producer Steve Albini's extremist style. Harvey says of Albini, "He captures the sound of a band playing live. It doesn't sound processed or squashed...the instruments sound like they're breathing and that they're real..." However, Albini uses some studio tricks to capture that "live" sound. Like making Harvey's voice sound like it's coming from a transistor radio, in the beginning of Bob Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited."

It's odd, but P. J. sounds more like Dylan doing '70s rockstrordinaire Patti Smith (i.e. "Because the Night") — than the other way around. Actually, I wouldn't say that Harvey sounds at all like Smith, so much as Patti just manifests from her. This is particularly so on "Missed" (religious connotations and all), "Legs" and the last track, "Ecstasy."

Like Smith, Harvey is not afraid to use her voice between words, throwing it out there, then dragging it back again. P. J. refers to her voice as an instrument, commenting on "...how you can change the meaning of a word, just by the way you sing it."

Harvey also plays guitar, violin, cello, and organ (which explains the psycho/crazy strings). There's no middle ground with P. J. Harvey. Everything with her is messy and intense. Every song is a conflict, every line carefully constructed to confuse and unsettle. About her future, Harvey says, "I'd like to see myself with a good, good more three albums under my belt. Yeah, I'm in the music business for a good, good more five years yet. I can handle it." And somehow, we believe her.




## EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING IT, SO WHY CAN'T WE? THE CRANBERRIES

The C-berries are more than adequate, supplying enough polished guitar riffs and slick hooks to keep even the most disinterested of listeners entertained. If the band's missing anything at all, it's only inspiration. A little too smooth for my tastes. (Sometimes there's just no pleasing me.) But whatever the band is lacking in originality, Dolores O'Riordan more than makes up for with sheer sincerity. Even on her most obvious lines, you never doubt her for a moment.

There is a distinct Celtic influence throughout the album, which is unavoidably like Sinead O'Connor. But than Sinead is not the only woman to mix traditional Irish with Punk — just the first to become famous for it.

The Cranberries' first three tracks are catchy, upbeat tunes that'll have you singing in the shower, and O'Riordan coasts through them easily, with a light-hearted, wistful style. By track four, things start to get a little more interesting; "Pretty" is a riddle of a song, which turns in on itself, and is not at all what it first appears to be about. Suddenly, O'Riordan is no longer coasting. Her voice takes on an insistent, demonic quality, on that line between intensity and insanity. "Waltzing Back" is equally as insistent and artfully executed.

"Not Sorry" starts off with breathy chant-like vocals and a musical intro which sound curiously like Suzanne Vega. But the song quickly bends into a twisted lament, as O'Riordan launches back into that maniacal lilt that I find so irresistible. Her words come slicing through her teeth, as if she were cursing generation upon generation of the lover who's done her wrong.

Then there are tracks like "Linger" and "Sunday" which are all up front, handing you everything with the simplicity of a country song (complete with twang) or Two Nice Girls. The album closes with the melancholy "Put Me Down," which has background vocals — at least I think they're vocals — that are so melodramatic they sound like something straight out of a James Bond film. Of course, if your sense of humor is in the least bit camp, you're sure to get a kick out of it.

O'Riordan calls to mind so many associations that she is ultimately impossible to categorize. She uses and discards her influences as quickly as you can name them. Among the best references is the Crane's Alison Shaw, and of the more mainstream, Aimee Stewart of 'Til Tuesday. Dolores O'Riordan has the capability to do whatever she chooses. Should she ever decide to take some chances, we'll be waiting.

## OUTTA CONTROL, ANGELA MOTTER

Angela Motter kicks in from Atlanta with the dust still on her boots, a voice as sweet as Emmy Lou Harris, and a slide-guitar style so mean it will give you the chills.

The title song is a bluesy piece with nice harmonica work and lyrics we can all relate to. "Finely Tuned Machine" shows off Angela's resonant guitar sound that'll put you on a back porch somewhere in Wyoming, sipping lemonade and staring out at the wide open plains.

Her lyrics are sometimes clever, but often they're just predictable, falling back on obvious metaphors and common clichés. But never mind such details, skip ahead to Robert Johnson's "Preachin' Blues" to find out where Motter's heart (and talent) really lie.

Her lyrics may lack at times, but that slide guitar... Here she takes her classical guitar training and turns it loose on the Blues with her incredibly quick and confident picking. She also has fun with the vocal part, without overdoing it. I can only think of two women alive who even attempt to play blues guitar: Rory Block and Bonnie Raitt, and neither of them play bottle-neck. Bonnie can (I've seen her do it) but not since long before the Grammy.

Catch her live. Motter will be coming to the S.F. Bay area for her "Come-Home-To-Mama" tour '93. If you like the Blues, you're going to love her.

# Grand Island Assist

©1993 Joan Hilty

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS TALKING BACK TO ME? WHAT PART DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I SAID YOU CAN'T GO!!
ACTUALLY I DON'T WANT COFFEE, BUT I WOULD LIKE A GRILLED ...
I'M NOT TALKIN' BACK! I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY ALL OF A SUDDEN I CAN'T GO, 'CAUSE IT'S TOTALLY NOT FAIR!!!
I'LL HAVE A GRILLED ... UH....

## DEPARTMENT OF GIRLJOCK CALENDAR FOR SOME FUN 1993

### THE FALL BELONGS TO DANSKIN!

The 1993 Danskin Triathlon Series benefits the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation. Organized in cities across the country, August 1 is the day to try in Milwaukee; August 15 in Seattle; August 22 in Atlanta; September 19 in Dallas; October 3 in San Diego. Call 1 (800) 452-9526 for more details.

### THE FALL BELONGS TO RUN JANE RUN!

Join the Cleveland, Ohio version of the run, jane run multi-sport event for women, held as a fundraiser for women's centers or YWCA's. The mission of the run, jane run event is to empower women by teaching them to run the event for themselves in their own community. Get in on some female-positive sports fun with a feminist twist! Call 216-651-1450 for more info! The event is also held August 29-Sept.19 in South Bend, IN, 219-233-9491; Sept. 7-19 in Fort Wayne, IN, 219-424-7977; Sept. 11-12 in Hagerstown, MD, 301-739-4990; and October 1-16 in Austin Texas, 512-447-9666. Or write to Kris Hinesley, 303 East Washington Blvd. Fort Wayne, IN 46802.

### THE FALL BELONGS TO BAD GIRLS!

Bad Girls in Texas? Get our your Golf Clubs and spray starch! And sign on up for the "Texas Step Back" style Golf Tournament with assigned foursomes. Held at Bear Creek's Challenger Course, in Bellaire, Texas. Call M. Perez for more info: 1-713-664-2542.

### THE FALL BELONGS TO WIMMIN'S MUSIK!

If camping is a sport, then this is the mother of all women's sporting events—the 18th annual Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. As in past years, you can expect no-bra volleyball, naked ultimate frisbee, pick-up games of

all sorts, and plenty of processing. Most importantly, there's womyn, wimmin, wemon, and more wmn—thousands of wwmmnn—on 650 acres outside of Hart, Michigan. August 10-15. For info, write Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, PO Box 22, Walhalia, MI 49458.

## SOFTBALL COMES TO PHILADELPHIA!

The Gay Softball World Series, sponsored by the North American Gay Amateur Athletic Alliance, August 17-21, is sure to be a hit in Philadelphia. Defending champions, The Cafe of San Francisco, will be looking for a three-peat in the Women's Division, as teams from more than 30 cities gather for this softball marathon. For more information, call the Series '93 phone line at (215) 844-8748.

## SOCCER SISTERS GATHER IN SEPTEMBER

Back by popular demand, the Festival of the Babes III Soccer Tournament kicks off in San Francisco once again, September 4 &5. Don't miss this pow-wow of cleated sisters. Bring your shin guards and gatorade for a fabulous time. Don't forget to buy a smashing FOB sweatshirt so everyone knows you were in on the fun-centered action. All skill levels welcome. (510) 655-6750 or (510) 428-1489.

## THE FALL ALSO BELONGS TO WOMEN IN SPORTS!

Celebration of Women in Sports! Get on down to Newport Beach in Southern California and sign up to participate in this women's Mini-Olympic-style event, September 9-12! This is a fundraiser for Women of Iron, Women's Sports Foundation, and Women with Life Threatening Diseases. Twelve different sports will be offered. Call 1-800-426-4055 for the lowest airline rates and travel info. Rumor has it the Divine Miss M. (Navratilova, that is) will show up. For more info, call 1-310-546-7887, or write PO Box 385, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

*Send us the details of your events!*

*GIRLJOCK's Calendar*
*Box 882723*
*San Francisco, CA 94188-2723*

YOU WANNA KNOW WHY? IT'S 'CAUSE I DON'T THINK YOU WANNA WATCH BASKETBALL! I THINK YOU WANNA SEE SOMEONE PLAY!
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
...
HUNT
IT IS MY BUSINESS AND I SAY YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO HAVE A BOYFRIEND!!
SHOWS WHAT YOU KNOW!!
OH SHIT!... THE GRILL!
SLAM!
SLAM!
EXIT
BAM
THUNK

*more...*

UH-HUH.
C'MON. I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE TO THE GAME.
ON ONE CONDITION.
FORGET IT. I'M NOT TELLING MY DAD.
THAT AIN'T IT.
IT'S NOT?
NO. THE CONDITION IS WE STOP AT FROSTEE-FREEZ BEFORE I DIE OF HUNGER.
WAIT! WAIT!
YOU CAN HAVE YER TRUE LOVE, BUT A GAL'S GOTTA EAT, TOO.
FOOD
JENNY!
End

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*Holy Titclamps* and *Queer Zine Explosion* can be yours. Prose by Kevin Killian and Matias Viegener; Dennis Cooper spoof by Jenni Olson; and more. For *Queer Zine Explosion*, the ultimate queer zine list, and *Holy Titclamps*, send $2.00 plus two stamps to: Box 591275, San Francisco, CA 94159-1275.

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*Diseased Pariah News*. For the Ultimate in HIV Humor Magazine, read "Get Fat, don't Die," the Adventures of Captain Condom, Fabulous Fiction, art, comics and more! Send $3.00 plus 75 cents postage to Men's Support Center, Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604.

*Esto No Tiene Nombre*, the Latina Lesbian magazine. Articles in English about Terri de la Peña and lesbians and AIDS. Articles in Spanish about Miami; "Resoluciones vs. Conclusiones;" an article about alcoholism; review of the book Amora. Also a list of resources. Send $4.00 plus $1.00 postage to 4700 NM 7th Ste #463, Miami, FL 33126.

Get the Women's Sports Foundation Newsletter called *HEADWAY!* Write to Women's Sports Foundation, 342 Madison Ave #728, New York, NY 10173.

Hothead Paisan wants you to follow her unforgettable adventures in our crazy world. Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist who destroys injustice. Send $3.52 to Giant Ass Publishing, Box 214, New Haven, CT 06502.

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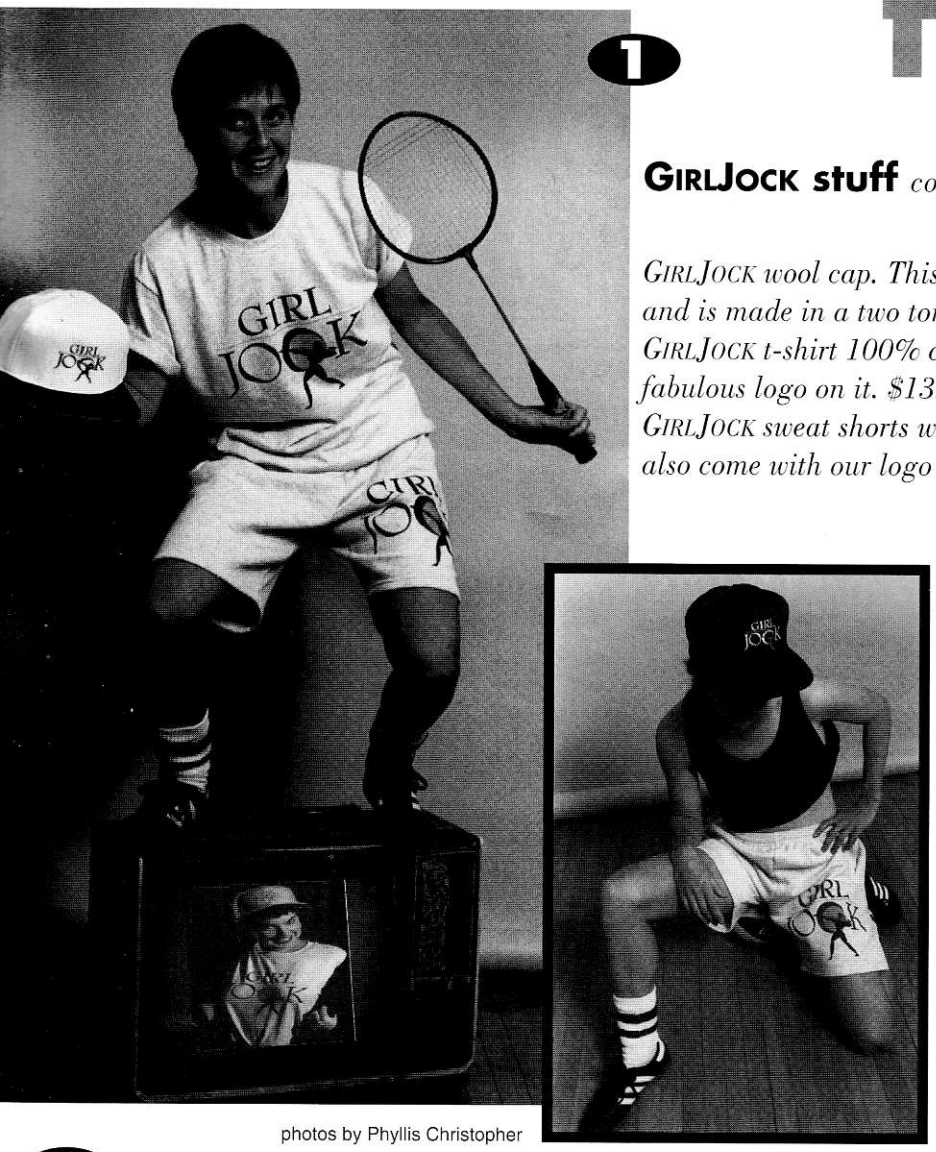
**1**







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**2**

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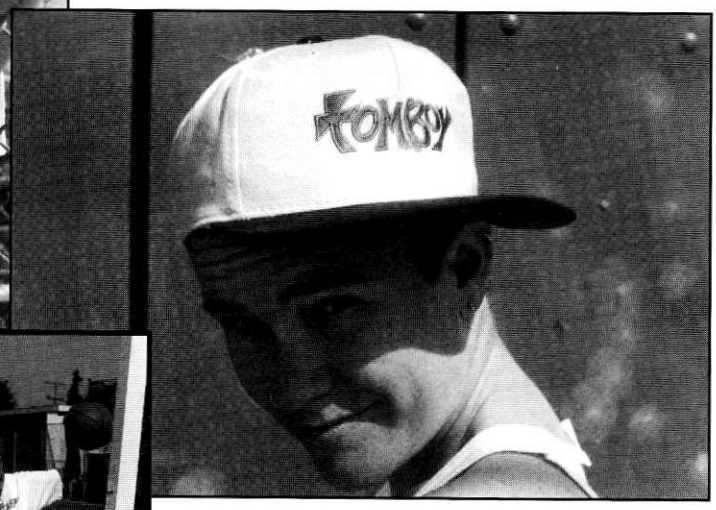


*This TOMBOY is wearing a one-size fits-all adjustable wool cap. Available in brown, black, navy, green, or two tone; light grey & black. $20.*

Feel Good model: Julie

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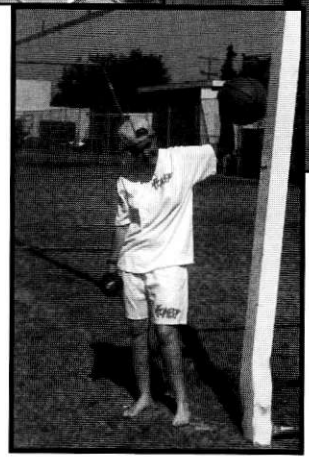

## 4 RREAL GIRL

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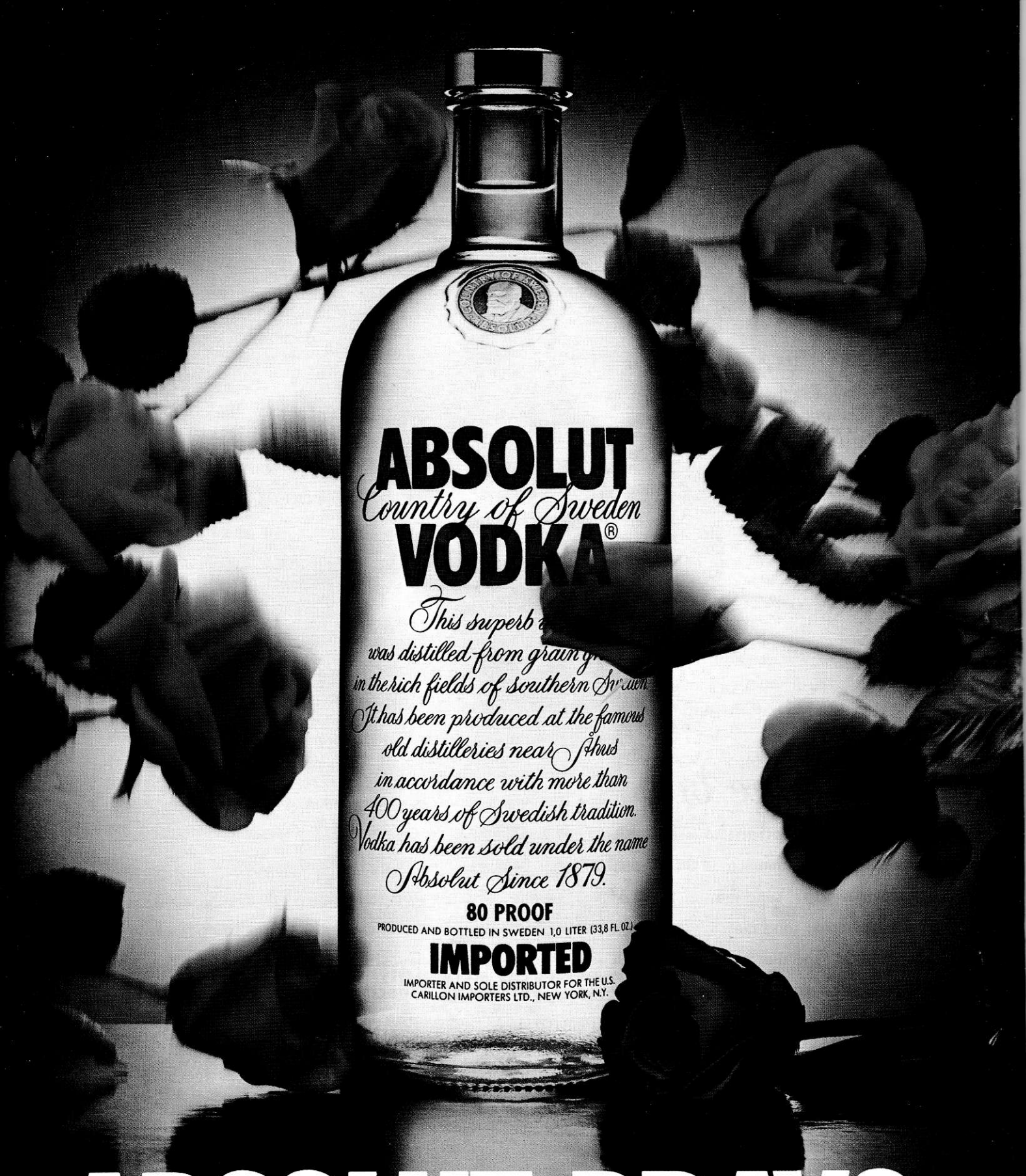
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